NATIONAL ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD.

Without Concealment----Without Compromise.

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AMERICAN A. S. SOCIETY.
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SYDNEY HOWARD GAY, Editor.

☞ All communications for the paper, and letters relating to its pecuniary concerns, should be addressed to the Editor.

☞ Donations to the Treasury of the American Anti-Slavery Society may be forwarded to FRANCIS JACKSON, Treasurer, at Boston; or to S. H. Gay, Assistant Treasurer, at New-York.

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Communications.

LETTER FROM DR. SNODGRASS.

BALTIMORE, May 3d, 1847.

S. H. GAY: DEAR SIR:—Not being favoured with the regular perusal of your journal, since the sale of the *Saturday Visiter*, the allusion of your Baltimore correspondent to that event, did not meet my eye until a day or two ago, although published in the *Standard* of the 22d ultimo. Said correspondent says:

"His (my) unsatisfactory reasons for its discontinuance, have also left us in the dark whether the arrangement was brought about by his conversion from his heretofore independent position to partyism, or whether its connection was the result of expediency. I have heard hints and inquiries as to which of the two Anti-Slavery parties he belonged, the 'Liberty party' or 'Garrisonian.' But I suppose it can no longer be doubted that the 'Liberty party' will claim him as their property, but as he is still a public man he will perhaps be drawn out to define his position."

There have been several "hints" like the above, made through different channels, none of which took me so much by surprise as that in the *Pennsylvania Freeman*, in view of what I thought I had a right to expect from the worthy editor of that spirited journal. At first, I was not inclined to notice these imputations and queries; but the above appears to have been so expressly intended to "draw out" a response, that I do not feel at liberty to disregard it.

As to defining my "position"—that is easily done, and it will require but a few words: I belong to neither of the parties named by your correspondent. There is but one party to which I confess allegiance, and that is the great PROGRESS PARTY, whose aim is *truth*, and its motto "onward!" As to Anti-Slavery parties, I own all as my brethren and sisters, who are sincerely struggling to rid my country of the source of its sorest troubles and its intensest shame—and this without stopping to inquire whether they are called by this or that name, or subscribe to this or that creed! My platform of fellowship is of the widest possible dimensions. I am ever ready to "agree to differ" with others, in opinion, so long as we agree as to a common end and aim. I ask not the question: Are you a Liberty party man or a Garrisonian, (to adopt your correspondent's phraseology,) but: *Are you an opponent of Slavery, and are you ready to labour for its destruction by all allowable and peaceable means?* Are you ready to self-deny and suffer reproach for this noble end? Whosoever is ready to strike hands over these questions, with an affirmative response, the same is my brother, wherever found, and as such I shall ever gladly hail him! And, oh! it does seem to me strange that time can be found to quarrel about the mode of doing what is to be done, while the work is so vast and urgent in its claims upon our energies—and, especially, since the task may be so readily and safely divided. Let the moral suasionist pull away at his oar, and the political suasionist at his—one preferring to work the oar of *non-resistance*, while another tugs at the oar of the *ballot-box*. Thus will the boat of Anti-Slavery be most surely kept moving upon the waters of Reform.

As to any special motive that I might be supposed to have been influenced by, in the sale of my paper, suffice it to say that my great desire was to keep my subscription list subject to the influences of reform, and this desire influenced me in all my negotiations, from the moment I became sensible of the "necessity" for the disposal thereof. This I have accomplished by my arrangement with the *National Era*, perhaps as fully as possible, and I have, therefore, no regret for the step I have taken.

As to the "Liberty party" claiming me as "their property"—I cannot help their "claims," I am sure. But they cannot successfully claim me by virtue of my connection with the *Era*, as merely its Baltimore correspondent, while even the editor himself disclaims being an "organ" of that party; as reference to his last issue will show. The fact is, in a word, no such conditions were exacted of me—they would have been spurned as insolent, had they been named! I am responsible for nothing that appears in the *Era*, beyond what bears my initials. Whatever exhibits these I shall ever be ready to stand by and defend. It would be well, therefore, for such as desire to know my "position," to look there and see—and they may rest assured that, should any of my opinions change, I shall not fear to proclaim the fact to the world, in face of friend or foe. "Free speech—frank avowals," I ever gloried in, as part of my editorial motto, and I glory in the sentiment still.

So unpleasant a task as unveiling my business affairs, I hardly think that any real friends will be so unreasonable as to seek to impose upon me. No person, at all aware of the difficulties of an Anti-Slavery journal, conducted in the midst of Slavery, would dream of pecuniary *profit*, to say the least. As to the opposite result, it must suffice to say that *it was fully within the power of the friends of reform, to have insured the perpetuity*, in this deeply interesting field, of the first, and I fear, the only engine of Anti-Slavery that the slaveholders of Maryland will ever be conscious of as disturbing the repose of their "peculiar institution," or threatening the overthrow of their tyrannic power. Of course, I speak of journals located here, for I do not doubt the efficiency of the *National Era*, so far as any paper, printed elsewhere, can act upon the minds of our people—to the contrary, I believe it will effect a permanent good, at which all Anti-Slavery men ought to rejoice.

For myself, I need not tell you that I have borne much in the shape of persecution from those interested in the continuance of the hoary system which I have aimed, in my poor way, to subvert, and that my perils have been terribly great. I had no right to expect anything else from the enemies of reform; but I *have* a right to expect something better from its *friends!* And yet I plead not for exemption from scrutiny—all I ask, is that my course may be impartially judged, and that no motive may be ascribed to me which is not fairly inferred from the tenor of my life.

Yours, for a common cause,
J. E. SNODGRASS.

The Anti-Slavery Standard.

NEW-YORK, THURSDAY, MAY 20, 1847.

THIRTEENTH ANNIVERSARY OF THE AMERICAN ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY.

The Thirteenth Anniversary of the American Anti-Slavery Society, was held in the Tabernacle, in the city of New-York, Tuesday, May 11, 1847.

The meeting was called to order by the President, Wm. Lloyd Garrison, at 10 o'clock, A. M. who opened the exercises by reading portions of the 2d and 18th chapters of Jeremiah.

Prayer by Rev. Samuel May, jr.

The Annual Report was read by Sydney Howard Gay, and referred for further consideration to the business meetings of the Society.

ANNUAL REPORT.

Your Committee, while it laments the necessity of another annual gathering of the American Anti-Slavery Society, congratulates its members that its Thirteenth Anniversary presents no token of a wavering purpose, or of declining zeal. Though we long since despaired of the Republic, which, in the inscrutable designs of a wise Providence, seems permitted to exist growing more hardened in national crime as it grows older in years, yet we have every reason for congratulation that the great principles of HUMAN RIGHTS and CHRISTIANITY, upon which this Society is based, are beginning to be understood in this country. Notwithstanding the Government of the United States is still engaged in a war, the news of the declaration of which was received in this city when we were last assembled in this place, the sole, and undenied, and undeniable, purpose of which is conquest of a weak and divided people, that the curse of chattel Slavery may be re-established in their territory; and notwithstanding the deep atrocity of this war arouses nothing of that indignation which, when coming from a united people, sweeps away all barriers to their will, still do we feel that the present period, as compared with any that has preceded it, is full of hope for the slave's cause. There is an earnest and deep feeling awakening among Northern people in behalf of their oppressed fellow-countrymen, and an increasing conviction that in consenting to be partners in tyranny, a righteous retribution has made them, in fact, the mere vassals of the Slave-Power.

But however deep this feeling may be, it is not yet [illegible] ing harvest. The one great party which has been successful for the last few years in retaining the favours of its Southern masters, by an implicit obedience to their will, trembles now at the probability of being pushed from its bad eminence by its industrious rival. The cunning Whigs, who have opposed the war to please the North, may, perhaps, win the gratitude of the South by elevating to the Presidential Chair the successful General of the marauding army, thus making the success of the war the instrument of the overthrow of its authors. We do not need this lesson to teach us that the only path to power, in this Confederacy, is subserviency to the Slave-Power, but we may read in it another proof of how idle it is to hope that any political party, which stops short of a Dissolution of the Union, can ever unloose the chains from the limbs of the slaves, or relieve the people from the thraldom of their masters. The Anti-Slavery feeling may be infinitely deeper, and far more generally diffused than now, but so long as the slave-party stands ready to throw the weight of its influence into that scale which will best subserve its own interests in the scramble for supremacy, such a feeling will never deepen into a fixed and abiding principle, which will seek first and above all the rights of man. However much, then, we may have reason for hope and congratulation at the present aspect of the Anti-Slavery cause, let us not forget that our path lies as plainly as ever before us, and the work to be done as near as ever to our hands. The regeneration of public sentiment on this, the great question of our day, and on the settlement of which depends the destiny, not of the negro race alone, but of the whole people, is but just begun.

Your Committee, with such diligence and zeal as they possess, have laboured the past year to disseminate with such means as you have placed at their command, the great principles which you cherish, and which are of such vital importance. It will be seen by the Treasurer's Report that a larger amount has been expended than for several years, in payment of lecturing agents. Great service has also been rendered the cause by those whose circumstances render it unnecessary that they should accept pecuniary remuneration, and by others who have received the labourer's hire from other sources than your Treasury. The most extensive field of operations during the greater part of the year has been this State. Under the direction of Joseph C. Hathaway, as General Agent, who has discharged the duties of his office with great ability and untiring energy, nearly the whole State has been thoroughly canvassed. He has had in this arduous work the valuable assistance of two of the most experienced and most faithful labourers in the Anti-Slavery field, E. D. Hudson, and C. L. Remond, and of Wm. W. Brown, who, himself a fugitive slave, speaks from the painful experience of his own life in behalf of those who are still in bonds. G. B. Stebbins has also been engaged for a small portion of the year as a lecturer. Mr. Hathaway has employed in various localities, a number of agents, chiefly for the purpose of extending the circulation of Anti-Slavery publications. In this department, this agency has rendered efficient aid. A considerable number of subscribers have been procured for the Standard and Liberator, and many valuable Anti-Slavery works have been put into the hands of the people. Six hundred meetings have been held, varying in length from a single evening to Conventions of two and three days. Two hundred and fifty towns have been visited, and thirty-one counties thoroughly traversed. The field of operations of this agency, extends through nearly the whole length of the State, from Buffalo almost to this city.

Samuel Brooke, of Ohio, has been for the past year, the General Agent for that State. His services have been of great value, and have been seconded for almost half of the year by the powerful aid of Parker Pillsbury, S. S. and A. K. Foster. The combined labours of these persons, and Benjamin S. and J. E. Jones, the editors of the Anti-Slavery Bugle, have, we trust, placed that excellent paper upon a firm footing. Several other agents have also been constantly employed. Ohio stands second only to Massachusetts in that sort of popular Anti-Slavery which is at once the growth of the past efforts of Abolitionists, and the promise of future success. The ardent temperament of the Western people has welcomed the stringent doctrines of your Society, and nowhere are the prospects of the cause in a more hopeful condition than in Ohio. The distance of the field has perhaps caused this progress to be somewhat overlooked in this section of the country, but we are persuaded that no agency has ever been productive of more immediate and more permanent good. It is a cheering fact that the signs of schism in the Whig party are nowhere so plain as in Ohio, and the probability is very strong that a large proportion of the people will not submit to the pro-slavery bargain which seems likely to be consummated by that party in the next Presidential nomination. The contemplated mission of Mr. Garrison to that State, the present summer, and the faith we have in the uncompromising band of Abolitionists, with the Bugle for their file leader, already there, promises to bring it to a still higher position during the ensuing year.

The Committee have not felt called upon to send lecturers for any length of time into New England, as that section is so well cared for by the Massachusetts Society. A considerable number of subscribers, however, have been procured there for the Standard by local agents. The cause, particularly in Massachusetts and New Hampshire, though requiring constant and vigilant labour, to take advantage of the rapid change going on in men's minds on the Anti-Slavery question, is more safely left to the powerful influence of individuals in their own neighbourhoods, there, than is prudent and wise in other States.

Eastern Pennsylvania has also been under the care of its own efficient Society, whose agents, however, have done much to extend the circulation of the publications of your Society in connection with its own.

With the welcome which your delegates to Great Britain met, and the important results of their visit you are already familiar. The formation of the Anti-Slavery League, with its numerous auxiliaries, which we trust is speedily destined to take the place of the inefficient British and Foreign Society, and the signal defeat of the American Delegates to the Evangelical Alliance in their efforts to throw the mantle of the Church over the atrocious system of American Slavery, are the most obvious and the most triumphant results of this mission. But the good that has been done by the lectures in Great Britain and Ireland of Messrs. Wright, Douglass, and Garrison, and of George Thompson, Douglass, and Garrison, London, and by a number of pamphlets which have been widely circulated, is incalculable. The "Free Church of Scotland" has been shaken to her foundations by the stirring watchword of "SEND BACK THE SLAVEHOLDERS' MONEY!" and we have now a host of new co-labourers in those countries in our great cause, who understand, as they never did before, the character of American Slavery, and its two great bulwarks, the American Church, and the American Union. Mr. Wright still remains in England, to follow up, with his pen and his voice, the work so well begun, and we have with us to-day Messrs. Garrison and Douglass to receive the hearty welcome which awaits them here.

A more minute report, in regard to the affairs of your organ, the National Anti-Slavery Standard, than would be proper here, will probably be made in another place. We may state here in general terms that the plan adopted a year ago, of reducing the price to $1 per annum, that a more extended circulation might be given to the paper, and of securing the services of occasional contributors to its editorial columns, has been eminently successful. The number of its subscribers has been more than doubled. The names of Lowell, May, Weiss, Quincy, Chapman, Child, Phillips, Webb, and Follen, should, however, and we are confident could, with something more of exertion on the part of its friends in their own immediate neighbourhoods, secure for it a much wider circulation even than it now has. The experience of the past year proves also that this may be done without injury to other Anti-Slavery papers. Notwithstanding the cheapness of the price of the Standard, the number of subscribers to the Pennsylvania Freeman, the Bugle, and the Liberator, has increased. Indeed we may have confidence in the general principle that the more readers we get for any one Anti-Slavery paper, the more we are making for all. There need be no fear that the people will learn too fast. In a cause like ours, the greater the supply, the greater is the demand. We do not advocate an increase in the number of papers, but the more widely we can circulate any of those we have, the better for the rest, as well as for the cause.

In addition to the Standard, the Committee, through the lecturing and other agents, have put in circulation a large number of Anti-Slavery publications of various kinds. An edition of 10,000 of an Almanac for this year met with a rapid sale; pamphlets upon the Constitution, upon Disunion, the Mexican War, the character of American Slavery, and upon kindred subjects, have been scattered broadcast over the land by your agents, in addition to those circulated by the agents of State and other local societies. We would strongly urge upon the attention of the Society, the necessity of more strenuous and systematic efforts to place pamphlets and newspapers in the hands of the people. We are persuaded that we have neglected too much of late years the most powerful of all agencies—the Press. We have a mighty public sentiment to correct, and arrayed against us, nearly all the power of a corrupt Church and ministry, the hardly less corrupt political parties, struggling for domination in a Government pledged to the maintenance of Slavery, and extending its patronage only to those who consent to become its willing servants. If we would teach the people the wickedness of the felon system, the character of the American Church and Government, the relation which Christian men should sustain to these, and the measures which we believe will lead to the emancipation of the slave, we need above all things the aid of the Press.

Our neglect, however, in this matter resolves itself into another. We must have a more thorough association. We believe it possible to establish in almost every town in the free States Anti-Slavery Societies, which shall so act upon and with each other, that we may increase a hundred fold the good we may now be doing. We want something more of the spirit of the early days of the cause, when every man felt that he had a daily duty to perform to his neighbour on this subject. Success, we fear, as is too often the case, has been followed by supineness. Because a certain degree of Anti-Slavery is diffused throughout the community, we have too often allowed ourselves to be persuaded that our mission is accomplished, forgetting that new duties must arise to meet new exigencies, till the day of Emancipation shall dawn upon us. We trust the subject will meet the consideration it deserves from the Society during its present meeting.

We do not deem it necessary to make on this, as we have on such occasions usually, any lengthened declaration of principles, or defence of our measures. That they are misrepresented, wilfully and wickedly misrepresented, we know. That they are generally misunderstood we do not believe. It is because they are so clearly comprehended, that they are so often falsified. Were they not understood, they would not be feared, and were they not feared, they would not be mis-stated. We have been always, and always shall be, probably, to the end, accused of being what we are not, lest it should be believed that we are right in what we are. The Church accused us of being disorganizers when our worst fault, or, at least, our greatest folly was, that we wasted our energies in beseeching her to help us. She accuses us now, with just as much reason, of being opposed to the Church, *as such*, because we ask that she shall wash from her garments the blood of the slave, when, perhaps, our unpardonable error is, that we tarry so long in explaining the distinction we make, and defending ourselves from the charge of being anti-Church. Let the Church, *as it is*, perish, if only through its overthrow the slave can be freed. The TRUE CHURCH, that which is founded upon the everlasting Rock, cannot be shaken. Its name and its seat may be usurped, and by the strength of its position, the worst of sins, and the heaviest oppressions nurtured and strengthened.—But this is not the true Church. *That* remembers the sublime faith, and practices the sublime precept—Love to God and man. God does not leave himself without a witness in such a Church, though it be but one among many millions. So, too, with the State. We were accused of being Disunionists when we were not wise enough to be so, and wasted much valuable time in defending ourselves from the charge. Now, as then, it is sought to draw attention from the true issue, and as we openly and sincerely seek the repeal of the Union of these States as the shortest and most legitimate method of accomplishing the abolition of Slavery, and achieving our own freedom from the oligarchy that reigns over us, the cry of no-Government is raised against us. But the worst of anarchy is misrule. Our no-Government consists in this—that we protest against a bad one. And in this we shall persist, till a Republic also being tyrants. It is because the friends of a pro-slavery Church and pro-slavery State, fear us as we are, that they would make us appear what we are not. Of this we may be certain,—that we shall be opposed till Slavery is abolished, and that lies are the oldest, and the readiest, as they are the clumsiest opponents to the truth. If we are right, and as we have faith that there is such a thing as right we believe we are, we shall succeed. We have but to act up to our own convictions. It matters little what may be said of us. It matters very much what we do. The world will come round in time to him who has uttered a great truth. The Abolitionist, of all men, has little reason to complain that he has spoken in vain. "Slavery *is* the corner-stone of this Republic." It is the corner-stone as well of the American Church. The Church is the mother of the people; the State is their most cherished and most dearly-beloved work. To bring them to repudiate the one as a false step-mother who has misled their youth, and to pull down the other as the mischievous and wicked work of an erring childhood, is no slight task. It was not dreamed that such was our mission thirteen years ago. But who is there now so foolish that he cannot see that the beginning of this end is come? He is no enthusiast, no wild fanatic, but a sober, thinking man, who sees in the signs of the times the promise of a true Church, which observes the weightier matters of the Law, more than the tithing of anise and cummin, and a State which regards the humblest and poorest of the people *as a man*, and its first and highest duty to protect him in his inalienable right to Life, to Liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. It may be that millions shall yet be sacrificed to human cupidity and love of rule, but amid the din of a war for Slavery, we already hear from the South the first clear tones of a cry for Freedom to the slave; and the answer from the North grows louder and stronger,—EMANCIPATION OR DISUNION.

Francis Jackson presented the Treasurer's Report which was also referred in the same manner.

TREASURER'S ACCOUNT.

The American Anti-Slavery Society, in account current with Francis Jackson, Treasurer.—DR.

FROM MAY 1ST, 1846, TO MAY 1ST, 1847.

To Agency Account—agencies in Ohio, New-York, Massachusetts, and local agents for Standard,	$3,395 03
To Discount Account—discount and premium on remittances,	14 15
To Publication Account—purchases for Book Concern, and publishing pamphlets and Almanac,	293 86
To Expense Account—including rent of offices, mailing and delivery of Standard, fuel, postage, expenses in part of the present and last annual meetings, and sundry expenses in printing and publication offices,	796 48
To Standard Account—printing, press-work, and paper,	2,868 90
To Salary Account—Editor, and office agent,	1,221 56
To balance to new account,	207 28
	$8,797 26

CR.

By cash from old account,	$610 02
By Standard account,	3,256 43
By Donations,	4,591 36
By Publication Account—sales by agents, and in office,	339 45
	$8,797 26

(E. E.)

FRANCIS JACKSON, Treasurer.
Per S. H. GAY, Assistant Treasurer.

NEW-YORK, May 1st, 1847.

I have examined the additions of the above account, and compared the vouchers, finding them to be correct, and the balance in the hands of the Treasurer, two hundred and seven dollars, twenty-eight cents.

J. S. GIBBONS, Auditor.

NEW-YORK, May 10th, 1847.

Wendell Phillips then addressed the meeting as follows:

SPEECH OF WENDELL PHILLIPS.

Reported for the Standard, by Oliver Dyer, Phonographic Verbatim Reporter.

Mr. PRESIDENT:—I hold in my hand a resolution, which I wish to offer to the meeting now assembled, not because it contains anything peculiarly new, not because it is calculated, perhaps, to startle some of those who have come here to-day, but simply that it will afford me an opportunity, in the few moments which can be allowed me, to explain as briefly as possible the position of this Society before the American public. Those who are to follow me will have more interesting topics to discourse. They will be able to bring to you reports of their own doings, and incidents of their own travels, which, doubtless, will be both interesting and edifying to us. I wish to lay the foundation first, however, in an intelligible understanding, on the part of the meeting, of the attitude and principles upon which this movement is founded, and which this society devotes itself to carry out. Allow me, therefore, to propose the following resolution:

Resolved, That the duty of every American is, to give his sympathy and aid to the Anti-Slavery movement,—and the first duty of every citizen is, to devote himself to the destruction of that Union and that Constitution, which have already shipwrecked the experiment of civil liberty here, and bids fair, in the end, to swallow up the hopes of honest men in a worse than military despotism; assured, ourselves, that out of the wreck we may confidently expect a state which will unfold in noble proportions the principles of that Declaration of Independence, whose promise made us once the admiration of the world.

I am aware, Mr. Chairman, that the sentiments of the resolution are not popular. I am aware, even, that they do not engage the assent of all in this community who esteem themselves Anti-Slavery men. And I know, also, or at least I am very confident, that every intelligent man here present, who will look at the facts of the history of his country, and at the events transpiring around him, will come to exactly the same conclusion, to which we have arrived, in regard to his duty, and in regard to the remedy for the gigantic evils which are closing in upon this nation on every side. I have no desire, to-day, to spend the few moments that are allowed me, in declamation. I shall attempt to spend them in giving, as far as I am able, a plain, candid, logical statement of the steps by which most of those persons, who are no otherwise crazy than that they cherish an enthusiastic love for Liberty, and hatred of Oppression, have reached the position which that resolution describes.

Mr. President: Is there any man here that will dispute me, when I say that the duty of every Christian man in a nation of seventeen millions of people, three millions of whom are enslaved,—*every sixth man in the land a slave*, robbed of his soul, of his intellect, of his family, of all his hopes here, and—if the national faith be well founded—unless the mercy of God intervene—of all his hopes hereafter,—is to give his aid and sympathy to the Anti-S[illegible] staff, heavy with blood. Every American that you meet is tainted to the core by a false philosophy; which renders him incapable of distinguishing what is strictly right or strictly wrong, for if he could thus discriminate, he would never dare to face the responsibilities of his position as a citizen of this slaveholding Republic. In this very city, at this time, there is in session, a Convention, composed of men, whom the various religious bodies and literary bodies of the country have dignified with the title of Doctors of Divinity, whose greatest fear is, if we may judge from their debates, that they may evince, perchance, too great a love for the cause of Human Freedom, the only danger they appear to dread is, that they may be thought to believe that the mission of the Bible is to strike off all the fetters of the oppressed, both physical and spiritual. And the community upholds them in this dread, which, like the old spells of fairy, the moment you cross the running stream of the Atlantic, is dissolved. They reject a proposition that meets the ready assent and support of every candid and every Christian man in all other portions of the globe; which is this, that where you see a sin in this world, going about like an adjective, there must be a substantive somewhere in creation to which it belongs. I was surprised to find, when I looked over the debates in the *Tribune*, that the only man in the Alliance, who had reached this self-evident proposition, that where there is a *sin*, there must be a *sinner*, was a LAWYER, who, while Dr. Cox and Mr. Kirk were engaged in the attempt to reconcile the antagonistic principles of Christianity and Slavery, was enabled to discover that where you have laid down a *sin*, you have got to find an *agent*, that where there is an effect, a cause must be found. By what strange accident this rational person became identified with that body of men, I cannot possibly imagine.

Mr. President: We stand in a Republic which, as in the religious enthusiasm of the days of the Crusaders, is emptying itself upon a weaker neighbour, and wages against her an unequal war, for the purpose of re-establishing and perpetuating in her borders a system of slavery, which a corrupt faith had banished from that soil. And we find the public press, from Maine to Georgia, whether Political, or taking the name of God in vain by calling itself Religious, justifies the war on some pretence or other, in order to live in this compromising atmosphere. Under these circumstances, when the only thing that the great Statesmen of the Whig party can urge in defence of their position before the people, is that this is not a *Congress-made* war, that this is not a war *constitutionally* commenced, but a war which the PRESIDENT has made,—that one man, has swallowed up in his single hand the whole thunderbolt of American power, and deals it at his pleasure on whatever quarter of the heavens he chooses,—this is the defence which Daniel Webster, with the heart of New England held in his right hand, makes for his silence and his votes in the Senate of the United States. And has it come to this! Has Slavery so far usurped all constitutional power in this country, that men chosen to guard the liberties of the nation, must sit in silence while the usurpers run riot with the interests, the safety, and the honour of the land! Aye, it has come to this, and therefore, I say that it is the duty of every American citizen to give his sympathy and aid to *some* Anti-Slavery movement; if he values the peace of his children, if he loves the country that gave him birth, if he has any regard for the great experiment to which our fathers gave their blood, if he would save this Republic from its last and greatest danger—from being swallowed up by the overwhelming growth of what was intended by its founders to be its smallest element.

I now pass to the second proposition, which is, that there can be no honest and downright opposition to Slavery which will not find itself marshalled at the outset in direct opposition to the existence of the Constitution and the Union.

I am aware, Mr. President, of the idolatrous admiration with which the American Constitution is regarded by the community, and, I also know that the man who takes that name upon his lips, and couples it with an epithet of contempt or a term of disrespect, is rowing directly against the whole current of the opinion of this country. But I would ask you, Mr. President, what is the cause of the present condition of the country? We are told that the United States have been made what they are by the Union of 1789, that the industry of the country would never have been developed with such magic rapidity, nor commerce have visited every sea, nor the hues of Eden been reflected from every vale and mountain-side, had it not been for the Constitution. Well, be it so. If the Constitution lies thus at the root of all our national action, then it is to be held responsible for our national attitude in regard to Slavery! If this state of things is the result, of what nature is the cause? Is it an honest one? Is it one pregnant with good principles? Is it one designed and calculated to produce a free and honest people? If so, then, why have we not seen the love of Liberty grow purer? Why have we not seen Selfishness and Oppression rebuked before an enthusiastic development of love of Liberty, and Right, and Justice? Instead of all these, what have we seen? We have seen one party after another rise up and gather to itself the confidence and the sympathies of the people, and in the meanwhile be compelled to play the traitor to all their hopes and to the professed intentions of the Constitution itself. If it is an honest instrument, why is it that when a Northern man goes to Washington he must become a traitor to the principles of his birth-place? Why is it that every party which has attempted to carry out the principles of the FREE STATES, has become shipwrecked in a national point of view? Why is it that at this very moment we wage a war against Mexico, the very attempt to find a just cause for which excites the derision of Europe? Why is it that the entire American Press, bribed by the circumstances in which it is placed, advocates, to a greater or less extent, the continuance of the Mexican war? Were there a man among them who loved the principles of '76, a Wythe, or a Jefferson, a Lee, or a Randolph, he would curse the victories of his country. He would pray with hands uplifted to heaven for the success of the Mexican arms. He would hope that, if not by internal principle, then by external force, this nation might be held back from the precipice of a worse than military despotism towards which it is so blindly, so madly rushing.

Who is the candidate, for the highest office in the nation's gift, of the best professing party of the present day—the Whigs? A man who has no more [illegible] children of Mexico, his commission as an officer in the army of the United States! Why, it is a doctrine as old as the Pagans, that you cannot interpose between a man's acts, and his responsibility for those acts, any shield sufficient to screen him from the Omniscience—that you cannot hide the soul of man from the eye of Jove. But this is not the doctrine of the present day; "OUR COUNTRY, RIGHT OR WRONG." No longer ago than within the last fortnight, a Rev. Dr. Putnam, of Massachusetts, preached a sermon launched against the motto of this Society, "NO UNION WITH SLAVEHOLDERS," simply upon the ground that an individual is not responsible for the acts of his Government.

Let me vindicate the plan of this Society. We do not presume to be wiser than the Gospel. We do not presume to be wiser than the Creator.—We think that a man was *born a man* before an American. We repudiate the motto of the Venetians; "Pria Venezianai, poi Christiani," "first a Venitian, then a Christian." And looking at ourselves in that capacity, we ask such one himself, as an individual, can you uphold the Constitution of the United States? Can you return the fugitive slave to his master? Do you stand ready to buckle on your knapsacks, with Edward Everett, to put down a slave insurrection? Do you stand ready, with Daniel Webster, to affirm that everything the Constitution guarantied in favour of Slavery, shall find in you a ready supporter? NO. This is the rottenness of American character, the arrant corruption, the shameless want of delicacy which is afraid to uphold and follow to their legitimate results the requirements of the American Constitution. (Cheers and hisses.) Now, I say that, unless those men that express, *vernacularly*, their disapprobation, had had the misfortune to be born *first Americans* and after that *men*,—had had the misfortune to become citizens first, and afterwards Christians, of those very men who have expressed their disapprobation, *not one* would stand up here, to-day, and be ready to return a slave to his master. I will go into that assembly of clergymen who are skulking from the indignation of Christendom, somewhere in this city, and I will ask that Rev. Dr. Cox, or that Rev. Mr. Kirk, whose holy horror would think I was uttering treason when I said that I would rather that my right hand withered than be raised to swear an oath in support of the Constitution of the United States; I will ask these very men whether, if the fugitive slave knocked at their door, and his master, with his bloodhounds and chains, was behind him, if they would DO their DUTY under that Constitution, by returning the slave to his master! and they would not dare to answer me Yes. That very George Putnam, who says that "a man is not responsible for acts performed in obedience to the commands of his Government," would see every one of his children coffined, he would see both hands stricken off, before he would lift a little finger to DO his DUTY to that Constitution; *and yet they blame us for seeking its overthrow.* Now, this is the rottenness of the American character, that it *dare not* and *cannot carry* OUT, and is contented in not carrying out, ITS OWN PRINCIPLES. Ask that very "God-like" Statesman,—who makes his quadriennial progress through the South to gather up the votes of South Carolina and Virginia,—ask him if I may inscribe side by side on the tablet of history with the name which he fondly hopes will go down to posterity, "Here lies the man who was willing to assist the slave-hunter, who was ready to give the gigantic strength with which God endowed him, to aid in

thrusting back into Hell the panting fugitive whom the sight of his happiness had tempted to leave it?" and he will *not* answer, Yes.

Such is the rottenness of the American character, that it dare not be judged by its own principles. There is not a paper, there is not a Statesman, there is not a Divine, in the FREE States of America, who, at the same time that they believe it is enjoined in the Constitution of the United States, would dare to actively aid in the return of the Fugitive, and yet they blame us for not being willing to swear to do it. I will swear to do anything that I intend to do, but God forbid that I should swear to do anything I *never* mean to do. (Cheers.)

This rottenness of the American character results from Slavery. Those men who went to London! Do you suppose that the education, and the experience, through which they have passed, does not enable them to perceive that Slavery is wrong, and that, if the Church has any duty whatever to perform, its duty is to put down this, the sum of all evils? Has Dr. Cox forgot the twilight dawn of that principle which broke in upon his mind in the riot days of this city? And is Daniel Webster so blind that he, too, does not see that a man has the highest title to himself? No! But, shall we say that these men are more wicked than any that were ever known? No, again. They are but the type of this American character, and swallowed up in the gigantic mælstroom of circumstances which has drunk in the best hearts and the best men that Providence has ever given us. Do not suppose that God has not given us clear-sighted men, and, as far as political tests go, honest-minded men in the main. Ellsworth, and Strong, and Rufus King, and, even Daniel Webster himself, are a fair type of *political* men. They are, doubtless, as good as the Foxes, the Pitts, the Burkes, and the others that gathered at the side of Wilberforce when he raised the first note of Anti-Slavery reform. But circumstances alter cases. The sects of the country cannot spread their nets from Maine to Georgia, without they compromise the question of Slavery. They have always at heart, though perhaps unconscious of it, the question, "How far may I serve God, and not sacrifice the world?"

It is not worth our while to criticise the character of individuals. They are the atoms on the great surface of this mighty current that is bearing us down the tide of time, and the *men* are forgotten, in being but the *straws* that show which way the stream is flowing. I have no care, therefore, to discuss, to criticise, to denounce individuals.

Mr. President, I know that fifty years ago there was virtue enough in this nation to have made us true to the principles with which we started. I know that now there is not virtue enough to save the country under its present organization. We shall never have better men than Jay and Ellsworth, nor more honest haters of Slavery than Pinckney and Wythe. We have tried it when Hopkins and Edwards filled the pulpits, and we failed. And can we hope that a corrupt public which dogs the footsteps of Taylor and Scott—can we hope that when we have neither the leaders nor the people, to better the experiment? No. The experience of fifty years shows us one of two things—either that this country was originally launched on a wrong principle—and then the Constitution is wrong, and we must get rid of it—before we can start aright we must take new bearings, we must take Celestial observations, we must talk of *absolute right*—we have tampered with partial right long enough, and we must try something better. Or if this is not the case—if there is any man mad enough to believe that this nation has gone astray when its foundations were laid in righteousness, that our whole Ad- [illegible] then I say that there is something in this political Union that makes virtue impossible in a FREE STATE, that Freedom and Slavery cannot be linked together without contamination, that virtue in this fallen world cannot be brought into such close contact with vice, without the certainty of corruption. Yes, the practical experience of the last fifty years shows that the fundamental law of this land is founded on injustice, a practical experience which has changed '76 into '47, which has replaced the banks of the Charles and the battle of Bunker Hill, with Buena Vista and the Del Norte, which has given us instead of the Ideals of '76, which we worshipped in the persons of our great men, in spite of the follies that were linked with them,—for we did not worship Washington and Adams, it was the Declaration of Independence which we saw in the person of Jefferson, it was the outspoken love of the rights of the people which came uppermost in the national idea when it pronounced the name of Adams, it was the thought of one who had flung from him prosperity in order to do battle for the great idea of the eighteenth century, which stirred the nation's blood when it pronounced, with eyes suffused with tears and a voice broken with gratitude, the name of Washington. I say it was the IDEA, which they worshipped, *behind* and *above* the men. And we have crumbled down from that beautiful original to those whose proudest acts are the disgrace of our history, and who are only known as the sons of their fathers by the lamentable contrast that their lives present.

Now, Mr. Chairman, in taking my seat, allow me to state that this Society has no dealings with abstractions, it has nothing to do with abstract Slavery or abstract truth. It takes up the work that God has thrown at its very door. It sees this nation mad for Slavery! Our object is to cure it. It sees it swallowed up with love for a half-way Church,—or rather not a *half*-way, it is not a *tenth*-way as far as *true* religion is concerned,—and our idea is that the nation must be dragged back to its starting point. We care not for Constitutions nor for Ecclesiastical organizations. We reverence the Fathers but we detest their mistakes. We hold ourselves to be wiser by fifty years than the Fathers; aye, we hold ourselves—call us not conceited, call us not arrogant, when we say so—we call ourselves the legitimate representatives of the men who perilled everything, who came near the halter, and sacrificed a generation in carrying out the great idea of their age.—Now, could you summon up from their graves of half a century the men who put their names to the Declaration of Independence, and show them half its glories shorn away by the compromise of 1789,—if you should show them the Constitution, which they signed with averted faces, and tell them that beneath it the six hundred thousand slaves had become three millions, and that the system which they pardoned to the tenderness and irritability of Georgia and Carolina, had usurped all the functions of the Government, prostituting Courts to its support, making the religious sentiment its bulwark, that it has crept into the very dome of the Capitol itself; that those muskets which they left us from the fields of Lexington and Concord, we had cleaned of their rust, brightened in the blood of the oppressed, struggling for their portion of that legacy of Freedom which was left them by you, that we pointed them against Nat Turner, when he asked for liberty at Southampton, and are now using them to spread the system of human bondage to the shores of the Pacific! Show them this, and tell them also that the pulpits which were once filled by the Edwardses and the Hopkinses preaching the Gospel to their countrymen, are now empty—for no one can *see* their puny successors—that the pulpits of the entire nation are now filled with a class of men so speculative that they have not yet been able to determine whether Jesus Christ would or would not have been a slaveholder had he been born in Charleston. (Enthusiastic cheers, slightly modified by very sharp hisses from some of the clergymen present.) Do you suppose that they would join in that American hiss, to-day? No. (Great cheering.) No, Mr. Chairman. We, and those with us, should be sitting down at the feet of Otis and Adams, and listening to a voice against American Slavery, which would be heard from Maine to Georgia, waking from the dust of fifty years the spirit of olden time, which sent a message from Lexington that was met half-way by one from Virginia, and whose meeting made the thrones of the Georges to tremble. (Great applause.)

Frederick Douglass then came forward and sustained the following Resolution:

Resolved, That Slavery is a system so demoralizing and inhuman, so impious and Atheistical, so hostile to the cause of liberty and Christianity throughout the world, that to seek its immediate extinction in this and every other country where it is tolerated, is the right and the duty of the people of all nations, by all proper instrumentalities:—That this Society, as the representative of three millions of American slaves, proffers its grateful acknowldgements to the Christians and philanthropists of England, Scotland, Ireland, and Wales, for the powerful testimonies that they have borne against the sin of slaveholding, under all circumstances, and especially in a land boasting of its civil and religious liberty—for their warm approval of the Anti-Slavery movement in the United States, and those who are its unflinching advocates,—and for the charitable aid they have extended to us, in various ways, from time to time;—assuring them that they have neither laboured nor spoken in vain, and invoking them to continue their co-operative efforts until the last slave on the American soil is set free.

SPEECH OF FREDERICK DOUGLASS.

Reported for the Standard, by Oliver Dyer, Phonographic Verbatim Reporter.

I am very glad to be here. I am very glad to be present at this Anniversary, glad again to mingle my voice with those with whom I have stood identified, with those with whom I have laboured, for the last seven years, for the purpose of undoing the burdens of my brethren, and hastening the day of their emancipation.

I do not doubt but that a large portion of this audience will be disappointed, both by the *manner* and the *matter* of what I shall this day set forth. The extraordinary and unmerited eulogies, which have been showered upon me, here and elsewhere, have done much to create expectations which, I am well aware, I can never hope to gratify. I am here, a simple man, knowing what I have experienced in Slavery, knowing it to be a bad system, and desiring, by all Christian means, to seek its overthrow. I am not here to please you with an eloquent speech, with a refined and logical address, but to speak to you the sober truths of a heart overborne with gratitude to God that we have in this land, cursed as it is with Slavery, so noble a band to second my efforts and the efforts of others, in the noble work of undoing the yoke of bondage, with which the majority of the States of this Union are now unfortunately cursed.

Since the last time I had the pleasure of mingling my voice with the voices of my friends on this platform, many interesting and even trying events have occurred to me. I have experienced, within the last eighteen or twenty months, many incidents, all of which it would be interesting to communicate to you, but many of these I shall be compelled to pass over at this time, and confine my remarks to giving a general outline of the manner and spirit with which I have been hailed abroad, and welcomed at the different places which I have visited during my absence of twenty months.

You are aware, doubtless, that my object in going from this country, was to get beyond the reach of the clutch of the man who claimed to own me as his property. I had written a book, giving a history of that portion of my life spent in the gall and bitterness and degradation of Slavery, and in which, I also identified my oppressors as the perpetrators of some of the most atrocious crimes. This had deeply incensed them against me, and stirred up within them the purpose of revenge, and, my whereabouts being [illegible] my liberty, to leave the shores of America, and take up my abode in some other land, at least until the excitement occasioned by the publication of my Narrative had subsided. I went to England, monarchichal England, to get rid of Democratic Slavery; and I must confess that at the very threshhold I was satisfied that I had gone to the right place. Say what you will of England—of the degradation—of the poverty—and there is much of it there,—say what you will of the oppression and suffering going on in England at this time, there is Liberty there, not only for the white man, but for the black man also. The instant that I stepped upon the shore, and looked into the faces of the crowd around me, I saw in every man a recognition of my manhood, and an absence, a perfect absence, of everything like that disgusting hate with which we are pursued in this country. (Cheers.) I looked around in vain to see in any man's face a token of the slightest aversion to me on account of my complexion. Even the cabmen demeaned themselves to me as they did to other men, and the very dogs and pigs of old England treated me as a man! I cannot, however, my friends, dwell upon this anti-prejudice, or rather the many illustrations of the absence of prejudice against colour in England, but will proceed, at once, to defend the right and duty of invoking English aid and English sympathy for the overthrow of American Slavery, for the education of coloured Americans, and to forward, in every way, the interests of humanity; inasmuch as the right of appealing to England for aid in overthrowing Slavery in this country has been called in question, in public meetings and by the press, in this city.

I cannot agree with my friend Mr. Garrison, in relation to my love and attachment to this land. I have no love for America, as such; I have no patriotism. I have no country. What country have I? The institutions of this country do not know me, do not recognize me as a man. I am not thought of, spoken of, in any direction, out of the Anti-Slavery ranks, as a man. I am not thought of, or spoken of, except as a piece of property belonging to some *Christian* slaveholder, and all the religious and political institutions of this country, alike pronounce me a slave and a chattel. Now, in such a country as this, I cannot have patriotism. The only thing that links me to this land is my family, and the painful consciousness that here there are three millions of my fellow-creatures, groaning beneath the iron rod of the worst despotism that could be devised, even in Pandemonium; that here are men and brethren, who are identified with me by their complexion, identified with me by their hatred of Slavery, identified with me by their love and aspirations for liberty, identified with me by the stripes upon their backs, their inhuman wrongs and cruel sufferings. This, and this only, attaches me to this land, and brings me here to plead with you, and with this country at large, for the disenthralment of my oppressed countrymen, and to overthrow this system of Slavery which is crushing them to the earth. How can I love a country that dooms three millions of my brethren, some of them my own kindred, my own brothers, my own sisters, who are now clanking the chains of Slavery upon the plains of the South, whose warm blood is now making fat the soil of Maryland and of Alabama, and over whose crushed spirits rolls the dark shadow of oppression, shutting out and extinguishing forever, the cheering rays of that bright sun of Liberty lighted in the souls of all God's children by the Omnipotent hand of Deity itself? How can I, I say, love a country thus cursed, thus bedewed with the blood of my brethren? A country, the Church of which, and the Government of which, and the Constitution of which, is in favour of supporting and perpetuating this monstrous system of injustice and blood? I have not, I cannot have, any love for this country, as such, or for its Constitution. I desire to see its overthrow as speedily as possible, and its Constitution shivered in a thousand fragments, rather than this foul curse should continue to remain as now. (Hisses and Cheers.)

In all this, my friends, let me make myself understood. I do not hate America as against England, or against any other country, or land. I love humanity all over the globe. I am anxious to see righteousness prevail in all directions. I am anxious to see Slavery overthrown here; but, I never appealed to Englishmen in a manner calculated to awaken feelings of hatred or disgust, or to influence their prejudices towards America as a nation, or in a manner provocative of national jealousy or ill-will; but I always appealed to their conscience—to the higher and nobler feelings of the people of that country, to enlist them in this cause. I always appealed to their manhood, that which preceded their being Englishmen, (to quote an expression of my friend Phillips,) I appealed to them as men, and I had a right to do so. They are men, and the slave is a man, and we have a right to call upon all men to assist in breaking his bonds, let them be born when, and live where they may.

But it is asked, "What good will this do?" or "What good has it done?" "Have you not irritated, have you not annoyed your American friends, and the American people rather, than done them good?" I admit that we have irritated them. They deserve to be irritated. I am anxious to irritate the American people on this question. As it is in physics, so in morals, there are cases which demand itritation, and counter irritation. The conscience of the American public needs this irritation. And I would *blister it all over, from centre to circumference*, until it gives signs of a purer and a better life than it is now manifesting to the world.

But why expose the sins of one nation in the eyes of another? Why attempt to bring one people under the odium of another people? There is much force in this question. I admit that there are sins in almost every country which can be best removed by means confined exclusively to their immediate locality. But such evils and such sins pre-suppose the existence of a moral power in this immediate locality sufficient to accomplish the work of renovation. But where, pray, can we go to find moral power in this nation, sufficient to overthrow Slavery? To what institution, to what party shall we apply for aid? I say, we admit that there are evils which can be best removed by influences confined to their immediate locality. But in regard to American Slavery, it is not so. It is such a giant crime, so darkening to the soul, so blinding in its moral influence, so well calculated to blast and corrupt all the humane principles of our nature, so well adapted to infuse its own accursed spirit into all around it, that the people among whom it exists have not the moral power to abolish it. Shall we go to the Church for this influence? We have heard its character described. Shall we go to politicians or political parties? Have they the moral power necessary to accomplish this mighty task? They have not. What are they doing at this moment? Voting supplies for Slavery—voting supplies for the extension, the stability, the perpetuation of Slavery in this land. What is the Press doing? The same. The pulpit? Almost the same. I do not flatter myself that there is moral power in the land sufficient to overthrow Slavery, and I welcome the aid of England. And that aid will come. The growing intercourse between England and this country, by means of steam-navigation, the relaxation of the protective system in various countries in Europe, gives us an opportunity to bring in the aid, the moral and Christian aid of those living on the other side of the Atlantic. We welcome it, in the language of the resolution. We entreat our British friends to continue to send in their remonstrances across the deep, against Slavery in this land. And these remonstrances will have a powerful effect here. Sir, the Americans may tell of their ability, and I have no doubt they have it, to keep back the invader's hosts, to repulse the strongest force that its enemies may send against this country. It may boast, and it may *rightly* boast, of its capacity to build its ramparts so high that no foe can hope to scale them, to render them so impregnable as to defy the assault of the world. But, Sir, there is one thing it cannot resist, come from what quarter it may. It cannot resist TRUTH. You cannot build your forts so strong, nor your ramparts so high, nor arm yourself so powerfully, as to be able to withstand the overwhelming MORAL SENTIexample; prejudice against color is continually becoming weaker in this land; and why? Because the whole European Continent denounces this sentiment as unworthy a lodgment in the breast of an enlightened community. And the American abroad dare not now, even in a public conveyance, to lift his voice in defence of this disgusting prejudice.

I do not mean to say that there are no practices abroad which deserve to receive an influence favourable to their extermination, from America. I am most glad to know that Democratic freedom—not the bastard democracy, which, while loud in its protestations of regard for liberty and equality, builds up Slavery, and, in the name of Freedom, fights the battles of Despotism—is making great strides in Europe. We see abroad, in England especially, happy indications of the progress of American principles. A little while ago England was cursed by a Corn monopoly—by that giant monopoly, which snatched from the mouths of the famishing poor the bread which you sent them from this land. The community, the *people* of England, demanded its destruction, and they have triumphed! We have aided them, and they aid us, and the mission of the two nations, henceforth, is *to serve each other*.

Sir, it is said that, when abroad, I misrepresented my country on this question. I am not aware of any misrepresentation. I stated facts, and facts only. A gentleman of your own city, Rev. Dr. Cox, has taken particular pains to stigmatize me as having introduced the subject of Slavery illegitimately into the World's Temperance Convention. But what was the fact? I went to that Convention, not as a delegate. I went into it by the invitation of the Committee of the Convention. I suppose most of you know the circumstances, but I wish to say one word in relation to the spirit and the principle which animated me at the meeting. I went into it at the invitation of the Committee, and spoke not only at their urgent request, but by public announcement. I stood on the platform on the evening referred to, and heard some eight or ten Americans address the seven thousand people assembled in that vast Hall. I heard them speak of the temperance movement in this land. I heard them eulogize the temperance societies in the highest terms, calling on England to follow their example; (and England may follow them with advantage to herself;) but I heard no reference made to the 3,000,000 of people in this country who are denied the privileges, not only of temperance, but of all other societies. I heard not a word of the American slaves, who, if seven of them were found together at a temperance meeting, or any other place, would be scourged and beaten by their cruel tyrants. Yes, nine-and-thirty lashes is the penalty required to be inflicted by the law if any of the slaves get together in a number exceeding seven, for any purpose however peaceable or laudable. And while these American gentlemen were extending their hands to me, and saying, "How do you do, Mr. Douglass? I am most happy to meet you here," &c. &c. I knew that, in America, they would not have touched me with a pair of tongs. I felt, therefore, that that was the place and the time to call to remembrance the 3,000,000 of slaves, whom I aspired to represent on that occasion. I did so, not maliciously, but with a desire, only, to subserve the best interests of my race. I besought the American delegates, who had at first responded to my speech with shouts of applause, when they should arrive at home to extend the borders of their temperance societies so as to include the 500,000 coloured people in the Northern States of the Union. I also called to mind the facts in relation to the mob that occurred in the city of Philadelphia, in the year 1842. I stated these facts to show to the British public how difficult it is for a coloured man in this country to do anything to elevate himself or his race from the state of degradation in which they are plunged; how difficult it is for him to be virtuous or temperate, or anything but a menial, an outcast. You all remember the circumstances of the mob to which I have alluded. A number of intelligent, philanthropic, manly coloured men, desirous of snatching their coloured brethren from the fangs of intemperance, formed themselves into a procession, and walked, through the streets of Philadelphia with appropriate banners and badges and mottoes. I stated the fact that that procession was not allowed to proceed far, in the city of Philadelphia—the American city of Brotherly Love, the city of all others loudest in its boasts of freedom and liberty—before these noble-minded men were assaulted by the citizens, their banners torn in shreds and themselves trampled in the dust, and inhumanly beaten, and all their bright and fond hopes and anticipations, in behalf of their friends and their race, blasted by the wanton cruelty of their white fellow-citizens. And all this was done for no other reason, than that they had presumed to walk through the streets with temperance banners and badges, like human beings.

The statement of his fact caused the whole Convention to break forth in one general expression of intense disgust at such atrocious and inhuman conduct. This disturbed the composure of some of our American representatives, who, in serious alarm, caught hold of the skirts of my coat, and attempted to make me desist from my exposition of the situation of the coloured race in this country. There was one Doctor of Divinity there, the ugliest man that I ever saw in my life, who almost tore the skirts of my coat off, so vehement was he in his *friendly* attempts to induce me to yield the floor. But fortunately the audience came to my rescue, and demanded that I should go on, and I did go on, and, I trust, discharged my duty to my brethren in bonds and the cause of human liberty, in a manner not altogether unworthy the occasion.

I have been accused of *dragging* the question of Slavery into the Convention. I had a right to do so. It was the *World's* Convention—not the Convention of any sect, or number of sects—not the Convention of any particular nation—not a man's or a woman's Convention, not a black man's nor a white man's Convention, but the WORLD'S Convention, the Convention of ALL, *black* as well as *white*, *bond* as well as *free*. And I stood there, as I thought, a representative of the 3,000,000 of men whom I had left in rags and wretchedness, to be devoured by the accursed institution which stands by them, as with a drawn sword, ever ready to fall upon their devoted and defenceless heads. I felt, as I said to Dr. Cox, that it was demanded of me by conscience, to speak out boldly in behalf of those whom I had left behind. (Cheers.) And, Sir, (I think I may say this, without subjecting myself to the charge of egotism,) I deem it very fortunate for the friends of the slave, that Mr. Garrison and myself were there just at that time. Sir, the churches in this country have long repined at the position of the churches in England on the subject of Slavery. They have sought many opportunities to do away the prejudice of the English churches against American Slavery. Why, Sir, at this time there were not far from seventy ministers of the Gospel from Christian America, in England, pouring their leprous pro-slavery distillment into the ears of the people of that country, and by their prayers, their conversation, and their public speeches, seeking to darken the British mind on the subject of Slavery, and to create in the English public the same cruel and heartless apathy that prevails in this country in relation to the slave, his wrongs and his rights. I knew them by their continuous slandering of my race; and at this time, and under these circumstances, I deemed it a happy interposition of God, in behalf of my oppressed and misrepresented and slandered people, that one of their number should burst up through the dark incrustation of malice, and hate, and degradation, which had been thrown over them, and stand before the British public to open to them the secrets of the prison-house of bondage in America. (Cheers.) Sir, the slave sends no delegates to the Evangelical Alliance. (Cheers.) The slave sends no delegates to the World's Temperance Convention. Why? Because chains are upon his arms and fetters fast bind his limbs. He must be driven out to be sold at auction by some *Christian* slaveholder, and the money for which his soul is bartered must be appropriated to spread the Gospel among the heathen. [illegible] work to be done. Slavery is everywhere. Slavery goes out in the Cambria and comes back in the Cambria. Slavery was in the Evangelical Alliance, looking saintly in the person of the Rev. Dr. Smythe; it was in the World's Temperance Convention, in the person of the Rev. Mr. Kirk. Dr. Marsh went about saying, in so many words, that the unfortunate slaveholders in America were so peculiarly situated, so environed by uncontrollable circumstances, that they could not liberate their slaves; that if they were to emancipate them they would be, in many instances, cast into prison. Sir, it did me good to go around on the heels of this gentleman. I was glad to follow him around for the sake of my country, for the country is not, after all, so bad as the Rev. Dr. Marsh represented it to be.

My fellow-countrymen, what think ye he said of you, on the other side of the Atlantic? He said you were not only pro-slavery, but that you actually aided the slaveholder in holding his slaves securely in his grasp; that, in fact, you compelled him to be a slaveholder. This I deny. You are not so bad as that. You do not compel the slaveholder to be a slaveholder.

And Rev. Dr. Cox, too, talked a great deal over there; and among other things he said, "that many slaveholders—dear Christian men!—were sincerely anxious to get rid of their slaves; and to show how difficult it is for them to get rid of their human chattels, he put the following case: A man living in a State, the laws of which compel all persons emancipating their slaves to remove them beyond its limits, wishes to liberate his slaves, but he is too poor to transport them beyond the confines of the State in which he resides; therefore he cannot emancipate them—he is necessarily a slaveholder. But, Sir, there was one fact, which I happened, fortunately, to have on hand just at that time, which completely neutralized this very affecting statement of the Doctor's. It so happens that Messrs. Gerrit Smith and Arthur Tappan have advertised for the especial benefit of this afflicted class of slaveholders that they have set apart the sum of $10,000 to be appropriated in aiding them to remove their emancipated slaves beyond the jurisdiction of the State, and that the money would be forthcoming on application being made for it; but *no such application was ever made!* This shows that, however truthful the statements of these gentlemen may be concerning the things of the world to come, they are lamentably reckless in their statements concerning things appertaining to this world. I do not mean to say that they would designedly tell that which is false, but they did make the statements I have ascribed to them.

And Dr. Cox and others charge me with having stirred up warlike feelings while abroad. This charge, also, I deny. The whole of my arguments and the whole of my appeals, while I was abroad, were in favour of anything else than war. I embraced every opportunity to propagate the principles of peace while I was in Great Britain. I confess, honestly, that were I not a peace-man, were I a believer in fighting at all, I should have gone through England, saying to Englishmen, as Englishmen, there are 3,000,000 of men across the Atlantic who are whipped, scourged, robbed of themselves, denied every privilege, denied the right to read the Word of the God who made them, trampled under foot, denied all the rights of human-beings; go to their rescue; shoulder your muskets, buckle on your knapsacks, and in the invincible cause of Human Rights and Universal Liberty, go forth, and the laurels which you shall win will be as fadeless and as imperishable as the eternal aspirations of the human soul after that freedom which every being made after God's image instinctively feels is his birthright. This would have been my course had I been a war man. That such was not my course, I appeal to my whole career while abroad to determine.

"Weapons of war we have cast from the battle;
TRUTH is our armour, our watch-word is LOVE;
Hushed be the sword, and the musketry's rattle,
All our equipments are drawn from above.

Praise then the God of Truth,
Hoary age and ruddy youth,
Long may our rally be
Love, Light, and Liberty,
Ever our banner the banner of Peace."

Mr. Douglass took his seat in the midst of the most enthusiastic and overwhelming applause, in which the whole of the vast assembly appeared heartily to join.

TUESDAY AFTERNOON—MAY 11th.—The Society met in the Apollo rooms, at three o'clock. J. C. Hathaway and J. Elizabeth Jones were appointed Secretaries. J. N. Buffum, Samuel Brooke, G. B. Stebbins, and E. D. Hudson, were appointed a Committee on Finance.

Business Committee.—Wendell Phillips, J. Elizabeth Jones, C. L. Remond, Oliver Johnson, E. M. Davis, Samuel May, jr. J. W. Walker, W. W. Brown, Paulina S. Wright, Edmund Quincy, Robert Purvis.

Nominating Committee.—Parker Pillsbury, Edmund Quincy, Jonathan Leonard, Slocum Howland, J. Miller McKim. B. S. Jones.

On motion of Oliver Johnson, the Annual Report and the Treasurer's Report were adopted, and ordered to be printed.

The President of the Society read an Address from the members of Cuffe Lane Temperance Society to their countrymen in America, on the subject of American Slavery, signed by John Spratt, D. D. the President of the Society, James Haughton, and eight hundred and eighty others.

During the absence of the Business Committee, the meeting was addressed by the President, Frederick Douglass, J. N. Buffum, and others.

The Business Committee recommended that its members be increased to the number of forty as a Conference Committee, to take into consideration the interests of the Society and make arrangements for the coming year, whereupon the following names were added. All persons interested in the cause were invited to meet with this Committee.

Parker Pillsbury, Simon Bernard, Caroline Weston, Anne W. Weston, J. N. Buffum, Francis Jackson, Amy Carroll, J. C. Hathaway, Joseph Carpenter, J. Miller McKim, Isaac Mendenhall, Dinah Mendenhall, Sydney H. Gay, Elizabeth Gay, Mahlon B. Linton, Joseph Harland, Eliza Houpt, E. D. Hudson, Samuel Brooke, Phebe Darlington, G. B. Stebbins, George Doughty, Robert Purvis, Robert Forten, Wm. Lloyd Garrison, Ludlow Patton, Thomas Van Rensselaer, Abigail Mott, Joseph Post, Mary Post, Henry Willetts, Daniel Mitchell, Lucia Weston, Frederick Douglass, Louisa Symmes, Sarah D. Bernard.

On motion of Edmund Quincy, the meeting adjourned, to meet at seven o'clock this evening.

TUESDAY EVENING, MAY 11th.—William Lloyd Garrison read the following resolution, which was advocated by J. W. Walker, of Ohio:

Resolved, That if it be a self-evident truth, that all men are endowed by their Creator with an inalienable right to liberty, then it is a truth equally self-evident, that all those who enslave their fellow-men, or who justify or connive at their enslavement, are sinners of the first rank—guilty of the highest kind of theft—menstealers:—that if it be a piratical act for an American citizen to seize or purchase a native-born African, in Africa, with the design of making him a slave; then it is equally piratical to seize or purchase a native-born American, in America, for a similar purpose:—That if a person engaged in the African Slave-Trade is justly deserving of capital punishment, no matter what may be his defence of his conduct, then the American slaveholder as justly deserves the same punishment—for he claims an absolute right to possess, buy, and sell human beings, and stimulates the foreign trafficker, by opening for him a profitable market:—therefore,

Resolved, That the ground taken by this Society—that slaveholding under all circumstances, is an unnatural, immoral, indefensible act, which ought to be instantly abandoned, which disqualifies every slaveholder from being recognized as a member of the Christian Church, and which should subject its perpetrator and his apologist to infamy and shame,—instead of being fanatical and false, is in exact accordance with the Declaration of Independence, the law of Congress against the African Slave-Trade, the instinct and reason of mankind, and the doctrines and precepts of the Christian religion.

Mr. Hayes replied to J. W. Walker, and was followed by Frederick Douglass, who, in the course of his remarks alluded to the well-known fact, that the war with Mexico was waged for the purpose of lengthening the cords and strengthening the stakes of Slavery. He was interrupted by Edward Strahan, a Tammany Hall orator, who, in the fulness of his patriotism, rose in vindication of the honour of this brave country. The Hall was crowded to its utmost capacity, and a scene of confusion ensued which lasted for some minutes.

Order being restored, Mr. Strahan was invited to the platform, and was followed by his body-guard, consisting of about a dozen men and boys. They were quietly seated on the platform, and Douglass was allowed to conclude his remarks, and was replied to by Mr. Strahan. Wm. Lloyd Garrison spoke in reply to Mr. Strahan, and after some further remarks from Frederick Douglass, the meeting at a late hour adjourned to ten o'clock, to-morrow morning.

WEDNESDAY MORNING, MAY 12th.—The meeting was opened by prayer by Henry Grew.

The Business Committee reported the following resolutions, which were discussed by various individuals, and adopted:

Resolved, That the sum of $300 be raised for the purpose of furnishing a new font of type for the Standard.

Resolved, That it be recommended to the Executive Committee of this Society to endeavour to effect with various State Societies the same arrangement with regard to the Standard, which now exists with the Eastern Pennsylvania Society.

Resolved, That the extension of the circulation of the National Anti-Slavery Standard should be made an object of especial effort, on the part of the members of this Society, and that we would recommend to the Executive Committee, the employment of agents for the express object of procuring subscribers to the Standard and the other Anti-Slavery papers, and that we will give our own personal exertions for the promotion of the same object.

Resolved, That for the purpose of enabling the Executive Committee to employ agents in the field for this and other purposes, for the ensuing year, sufficient funds should, and shall, be raised by the Society, and half-past eleven o'clock be assigned for the taking of pledges and raising of funds for this object.

Resolved, That every member of this Society should feel himself personally responsible for the raising of funds in his neighbourhood for the purposes above recited, and should constitute himself a financial agent, to collect and remit donations to the Treasurer of the Society.

Resolved, That we recommend to the Executive Committee the publication of Anti-Slavery tracts and documents, for the general diffusion of the principles of this Society, and that we do hereby agree to raise the sum of one thousand dollars to meet the first expense and to purchase and to induce others to purchase such publications when issued by them in conformity with this request.

At half-past eleven o'clock, the meeting proceeded to take up subscriptions and pledges, during which time remarks were made by J. N. Buffum, C. L. Remond, J. C. Hathaway and others. Adjourned to three o'clock, P. M.

WEDNESDAY AFTERNOON, MAY 12th.—A letter from Lewis Hayden, of Boston, a fugitive slave, was read.

BOSTON, May 8th, 1847.

MY DEAR FRIEND GAY:—I were in hopes that I should be able to be with you and the friends of the suffering slave, at your Annual Meeting or Anniversary, to join with you and the friends of oppressed humanity, that I might gain strength so as to be the better prepared to make war, not with Mexico, but with a foe more terrible, more to be dreaded than all the armies and navies in the world, and that is a slaveholding religion. For it is not only at war with man, but with the great Jehovah, trying to make him the author of man-stealing. My God! and if you deny it you are an infidel, and in this way they make war with Truth. But your meeting together may enable you to chase the adversary of Truth to his den, and there put upon him the mark of the beast, that he rise no more in the character of a minister, claiming to be sent from God the Father of all just men made perfect,—with the Bible in one hand and the bill of sale for his brother in the Lord, in the other. But the anniversary. O! for that anniversary when the down-trodden millions shall join with you and the friends of humanity, to give thanks to Him that has loved us and gave himself for us. Sir, while sitting alone in my room, thinking of your meeting, my mind has been led to the South, there gathering together my scattered and chattelized relations, but I cannot find them. O, when shall Slavery cease? God speed the day I pray, and when I dare to think or bring to mind one dreadful and terrifying fact, that the wife of my youth, and my first born child, is dragging out a life on some tyrant's plantation. I pray you just look at the condition of my wife, driven all day, under the lash, and then at night to be at the will of any demon or deacon that has a white face. How long shall these things be? Every day's news seems to be worse and worse, as it regards Mexico. If you were there, you might see a specimen of the American religion, in that of ravishing and plundering that country to extend Slavery. Then while they are making war to extend Slavery, let us make war to extinguish it; not with sword, but the power of truth, trusting in God for success. It is now past one o'clock, and I must close my letter. I would be with you, but I have a meeting at South Woburn on the 13th, and therefore I cannot attend your meeting.

Your friend and brother,
LEWIS HAYDEN.

The following resolutions were adopted:

Resolved, That we would express the sense of obligation under which we lie to the Anti-Slavery women in various parts of the country, for the essential aid they have given to the cause, by means of Anti-Slavery Fairs; that we would urge upon them a continuance in their disinterested labours; and would recommend the formation of Anti-Slavery sewing circles for this object, in the various towns and neighbourhoods where two or three Abolitionists can be gathered together, and that we have heard with pleasure of the active efforts now making by the women of the *West* to put this important instrumentality for the support of the cause, into operation.

Resolved, That we regard the recommendation of the Executive Committee in their Annual Report, as to the strengthening and enlarging the instrumentality of Anti-Slavery organizations, as are well deserving of serious and practical attention, and that we recommend that every society which regards itself as auxiliary to this society, be essentially requested to send up to the next Annual Meeting, one or more delegates for the purpose of increasing the efficiency of this Society and of its auxiliaries.

Resolved, That a Committee of five be appointed to form a more thorough organization of the Abolitionists of this country.

E. M. Davis, J. C. Hathaway, J. N. Buffum, Samuel Brooke, Oliver Dennett, and Parker Pillsbury were appointed that committee.

Resolved, That the Whig party, in declaring the present war with Mexico to have been unconstitutionally waged by the President of the United States, for a purpose no less diabolical than that of extending and perpetuating the system of Slavery, and then voting for all the supplies required to give energy and success to the war, involves itself in far greater condemnation and guilt than its rival, which, with almost unparalleled audacity and untruthfulness, affirms that the war is a just and righteous one, on the part of the United States, and that it ought to cover the present national administration with glory.

Resolved, That the eagerness manifested by the leading Whig presses to turn the murderous exploits of Gen. Taylor to party account—to find in him an "available" candidate for the Presidency—to crown him with unfading laurels, and place him on the pedestal of patriotic renown—while they are denouncing the war, which he is prosecuting with such terrible success, as inhuman, aggressive, and infamous—indicates the deepest and most disgusting political profligacy, the most wanton violation of all the principles of morality, and the blackest treason to the cause of free Government and popular liberty. Nevertheless,

Resolved, That the man who holds in the galling chains of Slavery, as his property, two hundred human beings—who gives his example and sanction to the enslavement of three millions of his fellow-countrymen—who goes for wholesale concubinage, robbery, and murder—who conducted the horrid war against the Seminole Indians, and employed as his auxiliaries blood-hounds imported from Cuba expressly to hunt them down—who is now the leader in the war for the conquest of Mexico for the extension of Slavery—is precisely the man to represent both the Whig and the Democratic parties, both the Church and the State, in the Presidential chair.

Frederick Douglass spoke in favour of the resolutions on Anti-Slavery Female Sewing Societies and Fairs.

The Nominating Committee reported the following list of officers for the ensuing year, who were unanimously appointed:

President—WM. LLOYD GARRISON, Boston.

Vice Presidents—Oliver Dennett, Maine; Wm. P. Tilden, New Hampshire; Rowland T. Robinson, Vermont; Francis Jackson, Massachusetts; Asa Fairbanks, Rhode Island; Jonathan Leonard, Connecticut; Jos. C. Hathaway, New-York; Robert Purvis, Pennsylvania; B. Rush Plumly, New Jersey; Thomas Garrett, Delaware; Thomas Donaldson, Ohio; David Wilson, Indiana; Robert Stewart, Illinois; Zephaniah Platt, Michigan.

Corresponding Secretary—Sydney Howard Gay.

Recording Secretary—Wendell Phillips.

Treasurer—Francis Jackson.

Managers—Newal A. Foster, Ruth Morrill, Maine; Luther Melendy, Benjamin Comings, Parker Pillsbury, Amos Wood, New Hampshire; Sumner Lincoln, James Slaton, Vermont; Seth Sprague, James N. Buffum, Amos Farnsworth, Andrew Robeson, Bourne Spooner, George W. Benson, Massachusetts; Daniel Mitchell, Rhode Island; George Sharpe, Butler N. Strong, Luther Bartlett, Connecticut; Thomas McClintock, S. J. May, Joseph Post, Daniel Carmichael, Mary Springstead, Isaac Post, Samuel A. Greene, New-York; John Atkinson, New Jersey; James M. McKim, Elijah Pennypacker, William H. Johnson, Jonathan P. Magill, Edwin Fussell, Pennsylvania; Joseph A. Dugdale, David Galbraith, Lydia Irish, Abraham Allen, Ohio; Mary Ann Swain, Clarkson Puckett, Indiana.

Executive Committee—William Lloyd Garrison, Francis Jackson, Wendell Phillips, Maria Weston Chapman, Edmund Quincy, Charles L. Remond, Anne Warren Weston, William Henry Channing, Eliza Lee Follen, Sarah Pugh, Sydney Howard Gay, James Russell Lowell.

Henry Grew offered the following Preamble and Resolution, and spoke in favour of the same:

Whereas, The purchase and use of the unrequited products of the coerced and cruel toil of our brethren in bonds

whom we have no reason to believe to be experimentally acquainted with Christianity. The Church has pusillanimously left not only the working oar, but the very reins of certain necessary reforms of the day in the hands of men, who, if not before inimical to Christianity, will be made so by Christianity's neglect of what it is its proper mission to look after. They are doing practically, with all their might, for humanity's sake, what the Church ought to be doing as heartily, through its ministry and representative men for Christ's sake.

And if they succeed, as succeed they will, in abolishing Slavery, in banishing intemperance, in killing war, in restraining licentiousness, in reforming social abuses, then the recoil upon Christianity, the antagonist reaction from these Christianized sensibilities upon the cause of religion itself, will be disastrous in the extreme. Woe to religion, when irreligious men, by force of nature, or the tendency of the age, get ahead of the Church in morals and in the practical work of Christianity. In some instances they are already a long ways ahead. And we might specify individuals and journals in this country that are far before the recognized organs of the Church, in the advocacy of truth, and righteousness, and liberty. It would be difficult to say whether there is the more disgrace or danger in a fact like this.

We learn from Scripture, and it is a little remarkable that it is the only exact definition of religion found in the sacred volume, that pure religion and undefiled before God, even the Father, is this, to visit the fatherless and widows in their affliction, and to keep oneself unspotted from the world. Look not every man on his own things, but every man also on the things of others. Remember them that are in bonds as bound with them; whatsoever ye would that others should do to you, do ye even so to them.

Rev. Mr. Dutton spoke in favour of the Resolutions.

On motion of Wm. Lloyd Garrison, voted that the Society do not adjourn until it shall have completed the business, and adjourn without day.

Samuel May, jr. advocated the resolutions relative to the London "Christian Witness," and was followed by Frederick Douglass and others. The resolutions were adopted unanimously.

The following resolutions were adopted, after discussion by many persons:

Resolved, That in the tremendous and emphatic declaration of the Rev. Dr. Barnes, of Philadelphia, that "the Church is the great stronghold of Slavery in this country"—that "there is not vital energy enough, there is not power of influence and numbers out of the Church that could sustain Slavery an hour, if it were not sustained in it"—all the charges that have been brought by this society against the American Church, as to its pollution and guilt, its sanction and support of the entire system of man-stealing and soul-murder, its essentially unchristian and inhuman character, are fully justified; and, undeniably true as it is, (though lamentable in the highest degree,) clearly proves that while that Church continues to receive slaveholders to its communion and fellowship, and to maintain its present position, it is to be branded as a cage of unclean birds, and the very synagogue of Satan, from which the pure in heart should withdraw, lest they be partakers of its sins, and consequently receivers of its plagues.

Resolved, That by the term "American Church," we do not include in it every local and isolated association calling itself a church, but the general religious sentiment of the land, concentrated and organized under various denominational forms and appellations, in the name of Christ, and as the exponent of genuine Christianity.

Whereas, At the last anniversary of this society, a resolution was adopted, expressing satisfaction at the declining state of the popular religion in this country, "*because it comes forth voluntarily to baptize and to sanctify Slavery*," with all its unutterable woes and indescribable horrors;—and whereas, that resolution has been copied into the London "Christian Witness," by its editor, the Rev. Dr. Campbell, and pronounced by him to be a proof of the "infidelity" of this society, and of its desire to effect the overthrow of Christianity; therefore,

Resolved, That either the head of the accuser is totally confused, or his heart is extremely corrupt; either he has rashly fallen into a grievous mistake, and been hurried to a monstrous conclusion by want of reflection, or blindness of moral perception, or he has been influenced by priestly malignity to strike a blow which rejoices the heart of every slaveholder, and every despiser of the coloured race; and we leave him to the judgment of the God of the oppressed, and to the monitions of his own conscience.

Resolved, That in refusing to allow the President of this Society, at that time in England, to deny his libellous accusation through the medium of the *Witness*, and in excluding every word of explanation and defence that was sent to him by others, even his own patrons, he evinced anything but the spirit of impartial justice, and gave to the world the strongest presumptive evidence that he was actuated by an evil and a bitter spirit.

Resolved, That we challenge the Rev. Dr. Campbell to find in the publications or proceedings of the American Anti-Slavery Society, from its organization to the present hour, a single sentence or word in disparagement of the Christian relig on:—That we have constantly affirmed that the ministry, the Church, the doctrines, the precepts, the example, the spirit, the mission of Christ, are thoroughly Anti-Slavery, and therefore wholly divorced from oppression; and that we believe the cause of human freedom prospers in proportion to the extension of Christianity, as taught by its great and glorious founder.

Resolved, That any movement ostensibly seeking the religious improvement of the slave population, without first demanding their immediate and complete emancipation, is not only to be regarded with distrust and jealousy, but denounced as worthless and impracticable, and as substituting a sham for a reality, and a shadow for the substance, and giving an opiate to the consciences of those who are not willing to bear the odium of uncompromising abolitionism, and yet would fain be regarded as deeply concerned for the temporal and eternal welfare of those who are reduced to the condition of things. Therefore,

Resolved, That we regard the project of giving the Bible to the slaves, which has been started in Massachusetts, by those who claim to be Abolitionists, as delusive, and calculated to retard the Anti-Slavery cause, by diverting attention from the great question of immediate emancipation, and discarding a doctrine which is morally, philosophically, and historically true, that the liberation of the slave is essential to his intellectual and religious elevation.

Resolved, That it behoves the Abolitionists of this country, and of all who regard with jealousy the predominance of the Slave-Power in the councils of the nation, to watch with especial vigilance the evolution of the plot now developing itself, of annexing fresh provinces of Mexico, now free from human slavery, for the purpose of cursing them anew with that abominable crime, and to be instant in season and out of season, to expose, and, if possible, to defeat it.

Resolved, That we hail the formation of the Anti-Slavery League, during the past year, as one of the most auspicious events in the history of the Anti-Slavery enterprise; that we would cordially thank the faithful Abolitionists of the British Islands for this new and efficient proof of their intelligent sympathy and active cooperation with the Abolitionists of the American Anti-Slavery Society; and that we would earnestly recommend to all Anti-Slavery men and women throughout America to express their sense of the importance of this movement by enrolling their names as members of the League.

Resolved, That we have received the intelligence of the departure of THOMAS CLARKSON, the Patriarch of the Anti-Slavery enterprise, from the labours of near a century of beneficent years to his rest and his reward, which has marked the year that is just elapsed, with the deepest sensibility; and that we profoundly sympathize with the lovers of liberty and humanity throughout the world, in the sense they entertain of the solemn interest of that event.

Resolved That in contemplating the long and illustrious life of that great man, from its fresh morning which he dedicated to the abolition of the Slave-Trade, to its serene and beautiful evening, crowned and gladdened by the emancipation of every British slave, we discern no clearer evidence of his uncompromising fidelity to principle, and of his profound Anti-Slavery sagacity, than is afforded by his recognition, and vindication with almost his dying breath, of the principle of this Society, of "No UNION WITH SLAVEHOLDERS," as the true philosophy of our American Reformation.

Resolved, That the proposition to furnish the Bible to slaves, who are forbidden to learn to read it by penal laws in every State except in Kentucky, (in which, according to Henry Clay, it is forbidden by a public sentiment, stronger than law itself,) is as preposterous a farce and as absurd a burlesque of a philanthropic movement, as would be one to supply all the blind in the United States with telescopes and spectacles, before their restoration to sight.

Resolved, That the philanthropists and Christians who honestly seek to give the Bible to the slaves, are imperatively called upon to exert their energies, by the enlightening of public sentiment, to secure the speedy destruction of that system of iniquity, which denies the Bible to the mass of its victims, as essential to the accomplishment of their benevolent designs.

Whereas, Among other desperate devices of an Atheistical religion and corrupt public sentiment to defeat the speedy success of the Anti-Slavery movement, the Colonization Society is to be revived and thrust again upon the consideration and support of the community; therefore,

Resolved, That this Society again registers its testimony against that movement, as cruel in its origin and designs, false in its philosophy, impious and infernal in its spirit, and, next to Slavery itself, the deadliest enemy of the entire coloured race.

Resolved, That this Society repeats and asserts anew its distinctive principle, which separates it from all political parties alike, of NO UNION WITH SLAVEHOLDERS, by which it will be guided until Slavery be abolished, or we are convinced that there is some more excellent way for the deliverance of the slave from his woe, and of ourselves from our participation in the guilt of his tyrant.

Resolved, That the zeal and devotion of the Western Anti-Slavery Society, rising in the midst of open opposition and the treachery of professed friends, and gallantly erecting the banner of impartial and universal Freedom, inscribed with the glorious motto of "No Union with Slaveholders," establishing, and with signal fidelity and ability, conducting the Anti-Slavery Bugle, besides its agencies and other operations, as worthy the highest admiration of this Society, and of all the lovers of liberty and humanity—and in view of its present condition and prospects, it is scarcely too much to exclaim, "many daughters have done virtuously, but thou excellest them all."

Resolved, That the course of the American branch of the Evangelical Alliance, (in refusing to express any opinion on the question of Slavery,) leaving its door open to the admission of slaveholders, is the one which every intelligent American expected them to pursue, and only adds to the usual pro-slavery selfishness and cowardice of American clergymen, the infamy of deliberately breaking the solemn pledge they were understood to make to England, that they would do their duty if the confidence of their brethren would but leave them untrammelled—and we call on the Christianity and liberty of the Old World to record their verdict, in language fitting the character of that heartless infidelity which thus steals the livery of Heaven, and mocks the hopes of the world; and assuming to represent the Christianity of a nation of slaves and slaveholders, so belies Christ as to call its own cowardice duty to him,—and affects to believe the mission of the Bible to be silence in the presence of sin.

On motion of Samuel May, jr. the vote on the resolutions relative to the decease of the venerable Thomas Clarkson was taken by rising, when nearly the entire audience, with evidently deep feeling, arose.

At forty-five minutes past three o'clock, P. M. the meeting adjourned, *sine die*.

WM. LLOYD GARRISON, *President*.
J. C. HATHAWAY, J. ELIZABETH JONES, *Secretaries*.

ROCHESTER, May 9th, 1847.

To the Executive Committee of the American Anti-Slavery Society:

DEAR FRIENDS:—Fearing that we shall not be able to send a delegation to the Annual Meeting, a number of the friends have concluded to address to you their hearty approbation of the course of our esteemed friend J. C. Hathaway, in the superintendence of the Anti-Slavery movement in this State. In the proportion of means his labours have been abundant, and we know of no one better qualified for such an agency another year. Could he be kept in the same field, with a few other agents, we think their labours would be abundantly repaid.

You understand the importance of this section being well occupied, and we need not to urge that it be regarded. Of the need and results of labour, J. C. Hathaway can best inform you, having traversed the whole field.

We also invite our endeared friend Wm. L. Garrison to address us on his Western tour. We will make necessary arrangements for meetings if he will notify us of the time he can be with us.

Yours, for the enslaved,
A. BOSTWICK, Sec'y.

The Anti-Slavery Standard.

NEW-YORK, THURSDAY, MAY 20, 1847.

The Annual Meeting.

We devote a large portion of this week's paper to the Report of the meetings at the Tabernacle and Apollo, and in it have embodied the speeches of Messrs. Phillips and Douglass, at the former place. As we stated last week there was no time to hear Mr. Walker, and the speeches of Mr. Garrison, consisting only of a few remarks at the commencement of the meeting, and his introduction to the audience of Mr. Douglass, which was chiefly made up of extracts from foreign papers, most of which we have already laid before our readers, he himself thought not worth while to publish. In his remarks upon the reception of Frederick Douglass in Great Britain, he contrasted the treatment he had universally received during his stay in that country, with that which awaited him on his return to his native land, and of which he had a foretaste on embarking on board the Cambria. Mr. Garrison, however, was careful to state how speedily public opinion in Great Britain was aroused by that outrage, and it was the extracts from the papers on this topic which he read to the audience. The whole account was listened to with great interest and evident sympathy, but such was the impatience to hear the great man of the occasion, that the remarks of the President were somewhat shortened. As will be seen by the Report, an evening meeting, contrary to the usual custom of the Society, was held at the Apollo, on Tuesday, which was addressed, in the first place, by Messrs. Walker and Douglass. We regret that we had no reporter present to report the speeches made by them and others, and to give therein a clear account of the scene that ensued. It was a most amusing one.

All the meetings at the Apollo, as well as that at the Tabernacle, were attended by many more persons than has been usual in previous years. We may safely say that they were the largest, as well as the most interesting, Anti-Slavery meetings ever held in this city, and show a more healthy state of public feeling here than we dared to hope for. For the names of the various speakers, and the resolutions passed, and the proceedings generally, we refer our readers to the official report, which was carefully made by Mr. Hathaway, the Secretary of the meetings. As we stated last week, an unusually large number of Abolitionists from abroad were in attendance at this Anniversary, and the best spirit of unanimity, a disposition to enter heartily into the labours of the cause for the ensuing year, and the hope that those labours would be successful, seemed to pervade them all. The regular business of the Society and the remarks thereon of its members were not unfrequently interrupted by those who are always attracted to our meetings because their dullness and impudence is not tolerated anywhere else. We had Whigs and Democrats, Third party men, and new Organizationists, of the "American and Foreign" stamp, Compensationists, and out-and-out pro-slavery men, and all, in short, who are glad to avail themselves of our free platform, whether for a display of their own rhetoric, to defeat our purposes, or in the hope of converting us from what they conceive to be the error of our ways. But the real business of the meeting was not in fact hindered to any great extent by any of these drawbacks, nor the speeches of our own members any less effective, or hardly less frequent. If we were disposed ever to complain of the long-suffering of Abolitionists at their large Conventions under some of the annoyances referred to above, it would be that they are sometimes *too* patient in permitting their time to be wasted by persons who very evidently have no other object than this to gain.

This Anniversary meeting, we trust, is but an earnest of the many which, we fear, we have yet to hold before Slavery be abolished. That we need new zeal, a more thorough association, something more of the spirit of self-sacrifice, than we have had of late years, we are convinced. But we cannot help hoping that there will go out from this meeting an impulse which will be felt everywhere among the friends of the American Society.

The Evangelical Alliance.

This solemn sham, which, as Wendell Phillips said in his speech at the Tabernacle, "was skulking somewhere in this city, away from the indignation of Christendom," continued its sessions on Tuesday and Wednesday of last week, and finally adjourned for a year. The declaration which we published in our last paper, remains as their definitive action upon the Slavery question. An attempt was made to bring the Alliance to a higher position, but without success. Mr. Himes moved to add to the Declaration that Slavery is an evil, the words: "And therefore no slaveholder is eligible to membership in this Alliance," but it was voted down. The Rev. Mr. Bassett, of Delaware, also made a motion to nearly the same effect. He said:

Something must be done in this thing. It would not do for it to go forth into the world, that they had taken no decided ground on this great evil. If it did, their Alliance would be a failure, and it would be a great blot upon them. There would be also a terrible secession in the West. He had heard too, that a Western Presbyterian General Assembly was to be formed on Anti-Slavery grounds at Chicago, this summer. He recollected when this country rose against the oppression which three millions of its inhabitants were suffering from Great Britain; but how much worse was the oppression which the millions of slaves suffered in this country, and should they raise no voice against that? They were talking of Christian union, but would it be believed that they were in earnest when they made such a lame declaration against the worst evil in the world? Was that Christianity? He feared the consequences; the whole of their attempt would be a failure.

His resolution was also indefinitely postponed.

On a motion to print the names of the members, Dr. Cox objected. He was "ashamed of the paucity of their numbers, and sorry to see so little Christian spirit"! We fully sympathize with him in the latter feeling, though from a very different cause, but rejoice that any of the clergy of the country kept aloof from so unchristian a body. It will yet, we are sure, be visited with the contempt it has so richly earned.

Our English friends, we trust, will see to it, that the members of the British Alliance understand distinctly the position of the American brethren.

We repeat the final declaration:

That while the Evangelical Alliance admits into its bosom such persons only as are respectable members of Evangelical churches, we are nevertheless persuaded that the great object of the Association, the promotion of a larger Christian union may be furthered by a frank expression of our sentiments on the subject of Slavery. We therefore declare our deep, unalterable opposition to this stupendous evil and we hold it to be the duty of all men by all wise and Christian means to seek its entire extirpation and removal from the land. Still the one object of the Alliance shall be steadily kept in view which is the promotion of Christian union and brotherly love.

Mr. Dyer's Reports.

We need not call the attention of our readers to the speeches of Messrs. Douglass and Phillips, but we wish to remind them that they are given *verbatim*. It seems almost marvellous that one can catch the words as they fall from the lips of a speaker, and fix every one of them upon paper, but such is the triumph of Phonography. Whether this new science will do all that it promises, we do not know enough of it even to guess, but in reporting, it cannot promise more than it performs.

Our readers will take perhaps the greater pleasure in reading the speeches of Messrs. Douglass and Phillips, after seeing the following letter from the latter:

NEW-YORK, May 14th, 1847.

DEAR SIR:—Your report of the remarks of Frederick Douglass and myself, are wonderfully correct—indeed, word for word. I had no idea that it was possible to take the very words of a speech, the speaker perhaps heard for the first time,—with such fidelity. Indeed, you are only *too* accurate; for I should be unwilling to have you print any report of my sayings, without my having the chance of correcting them. One dislikes to see in print the little inaccuracies and confused arrangement which will escape in the hurry of extemporaneous talk.

I have been often well reported; once by a gentleman considered a master in the old method, but his notes fell so far behind your own as hardly to deserve comparison.

Yours, very truly,
WENDELL PHILLIPS.

Mr. Oliver Dyer.

Reception of Frederick Douglass.

A very large meeting of the coloured people of this city, was held at Zion's Church, Church street, on Wednesday evening of last week, to welcome the return of Frederick Douglass to this country. Most of the time was occupied by him in a speech, which is said by those who heard it, to have been a most eloquent and appropriate one. The house was crowded almost to suffocation by a crowd of both coloured and white people. The whole affair was most creditable both to him whom it was intended to honour, and to those who gave him such evidence of their esteem.

In the course of the evening, and while Douglass was speaking, Mr. Garrison entered the house, and was received with the strongest demonstrations of respect and enthusiasm. He addressed a few words to the people, who, in reply to a question from him, as to whether he had ever been faithless to their cause, answered in the negative with loud and prolonged plaudits. The incident must have been peculiarly gratifying to him, as a spontaneous and unquestionable proof of the estimation in which he is held among the coloured people.

MORE HEATHEN WORK.—The following item of intelligence was received by late arrivals from Europe. The emissaries of the A. B. C. F. M. do their work but loosely among those unbelieving Mahomedans, or such a reproach as this to American Christianity could never have happened:

ABOLITION OF SLAVERY IN EGYPT.—The *Impartial*, of Smyrna, states that the Egyptian Government has recently promulgated a law for the abolition of Slavery after the space of fifty days. At the slave-mart there was in consequence a decline in prices of sixty per cent. No sales could be made, as after the interval of fifty days, every slave will be free to stay with or to leave his present owner at pleasure.

C. M. CLAY has volunteered for the war.

There is common sense, if not poetry, in this little squib, which we find in the Western Evangelist.—*Inquirer*.

The "little squib," which the Inquirer copies in an extract from a very capital poem of Professor O. W. Holmes, of Harvard University. The elegant editor of that paper has forgotten probably to look for the last end of the "Century of Poems," which she begun so well.

FINANCES.—We are not able to give an account of the collections and donations made at the Annual Meeting, as the names of the donors have not been handed in by the Finance Committee. They shall be published as soon as we receive them.

ANTI-CAPITAL PUNISHMENT.—The State Society for the abolition of the gallows, held several very effective meetings at the Apollo Saloon during the past week.—Their audiences were very large, and on one or two evenings were so deeply interesting, that the meeting did not break up till an unusually late hour. Messrs. Garrison, Phillips, Greeley, Elder, Channing, and others, made most effective addresses.

Notes on New Books.

Blackwood for April.—This magazine contains even more than the usual number of excellent articles. The very spicy one on the "Model Republic," we commence on the 4th page of this paper.

We are requested to state that the office of L. Scott & Co.—the publisher of Blackwood—is removed to 79, Fulton street, entrance in Gold street.

Arthur Martin, or the Mother's Trials. By Charles Burdett. Harper & Brothers.

This little good, moral story, forms the second issue of Harpers' Fireside Library, a new series of books got up in exact imitation of Burn's Fireside Library, in respect of externals, but quite unlike that most admirable series of books in other respects.—B.

Scripture Illustrated, by interesting facts, anecdotes, &c. By Rev. Chester Field. With an Introduction by Rev. John Todd, D. D. Harper & Brothers: 1847.

The plan of this neat little volume is entirely new, and to weaklings in religion, it will, no doubt, be of great service, in strengthening their faith in God's goodness. A great number of anecdotes are related illustrative of particular passages of Scripture.—B.

Pictorial History of England, No. 22: Harper & Brothers.

The present number concludes the second volume of this excellent work. It is chiefly occupied with the architecture and costume of the most picturesque period of English history. We have already expressed our opinion of the great excellence of this publication, which has been confirmed by each succeeding number. If we could have but one history of England, we would choose this in preference to any other yet published. The illustrations, with a few exceptions, are authentic chroniclers of the social advancement of England, and would of themselves, without the text, form a good history of the people.—B.

The Triumph of Young Physic, or Chrono-Thermal Facts. By William Turner, Esq. A. M. M. D. New-York: 1847.

We make it a point to read every new system of physic, because we have no faith in any of the old ones; and we never have read any that appealed to our reason and experience with so much force as the system of Dr. Dickson, embodied in his "fallacies of the faculty." If it failed to convince us fully of the efficacy of his prescriptions, it completely destroyed every remnant of respect for any of the old systems there might have been lingering in our mind. We have a very thorough abhorrence of the sword, the bayonet, the gallows, of bombs and shells, and double-headed shot and bullets, and gunpowder. But we do not believe that these instruments of death have destroyed a tithe of the human lives that have had their quietus by the use of the lancet, the cupping-glass, the leech, blisters, pills, and powders. Dr. Turner is the apostle of the new *Evangile* of physic in the New World. It was he who first introduced Dr. Dickson to our acquaintance, for which we owe him a debt of gratitude. In the pamphlet before us, he has collected together a great number of facts corroborative of the truth of his system, from men of high character, whose testimony may be safely relied upon. The great feature of chrono-thermalism which distinguishes it from other systems, is in regard to the blood. "Old Physic" lets it out, but "Young Physic" lets it alone. We confess that we believe *laisser faire* to be as sound a maxim in medicine as in morals.—B.

A Year of Consolation. By Mrs. Butler, late Fanny Kemble. New-York: Wiley & Putnam: 1847.

There is no reason given in this most agreeable book for its title, but those who know the author, can probably guess at her motive for so calling it. The year of consolation is simply the record of a twelve-month's residence in Rome, interspersed with short poems and pieces of blank verse. Her comparison of European and American society give the book a higher zest for American readers.—B.

Dr. Oldcook's Receipt Book, with notes for the preservation of Health. New-York: Harper & Brothers: 1847

As the price of this new cook-book is but twenty-five cents, we would advise all housekeepers to procure a copy of it; for although too many cooks are proverbial for spoiling broth, we think there can be no danger from a multitude of counsellors in so important a matter as the preparation of food. There is little fear of having too many cook-books.—B.

Orators of the Age. Comprising portraits critical, biographical, and descriptive. By G. H. Francis, Esq. Harpers' New Miscellany, No. 24. New-York: 1848.

These "Orators of the Age," is a small collection of excessively dull sketches, the greater part of which were published in Frazer's Magazine; they are brief remarks on twenty-six members of Parliament, a small part of whom will be remembered as orators a dozen years hence. The author is a whining conservative of the old Tory school, and his sketches are remarkable for nothing but their dismal platitude; he never stumbles upon a happy expression, a humourous thought, an original idea, nor hazards a sentiment that startles by its boldness. He is outrageously feeble throughout, and appears to have selected his subjects from an instinctive feeling of brotherly dullness. We should naturally look for O'Connell, Cobden, and Brougham, among the orators of the age but there was too much life, and material, in these names, for such a writer as Mr. Francis; he has not only omitted them, but he has even omitted D'Israeli from his list. However, he has given J. Milner, Gibson, Mr. Wyse, Mr. Ward, Mr. Hawes, Lord Sandon, the Dukes of Wellington, Buckingham and Richmond, and the Rev. Hugh McNeile. This reverend orator preached a sermon on the occasion of Prince Albert's visit to Liverpool, and printed it, with this title: "*Every eye shall see him; or Prince Albert's visit to Liverpool, used in illustration of the second coming of Christ.*" What more need be said than to express our wonder that such a book should have been published by an American bookseller.

To Correspondents.

CORRESPONDENTS. We must again ask our correspondents to have patience with us. Nearly the whole of this number of the paper is necessarily taken up with the reports of the annual meeting, but next week they shall be heard from.

T. D. Since the notice referred to was published, the account has been received. We were not aware before of the payment. Two of the books he will receive by S. B.; the other by G. if it can be had.

M. S. The paper is mailed here on Wednesday evening. Probably there is no mail to P. till Saturday. We can account for the delay in no other way.

This Week's Paper.

FOURTH PAGE.—*Poetry:* Bibles and Bowie Knives. *Miscellany:* Toussaint (continued); How They Manage Matters in the Model Republic; Gleanings from Foreign Papers.

FIRST PAGE.—*Communications:* Letter from Dr. Snodgrass; Annual Report.

GENERAL INTELLIGENCE.

Foreign.

Fourteen Days Later from Europe.

The Britannia arrived at Boston on Sunday evening. She brings intelligence of a fall in cotton, and a rise in flour. There is great pressure in the money market. An attempt has been made to murder the Pope, by a Capuchin Friar. O'Connell is said to be sinking rapidly. The prospect for the crops is good, though the pototoe blight has reappeared near Belfast.

General Items.

Adjournment of the Legislature.—The two houses were so late in session last night, and sent so many bills to the Governor, that it became necessary to defer the final separation until 12 o'clock today, when, without farther action, the Legislature adjourned to meet again on the 8th day of September, having passed two hundred and ninety acts.—*Albany Eve. Jour.* 13th.

Judicial Nominations.—Ulster County.—James O. Linderman, Judge; John L. Bookstaver, Surrogate; John Van Buren, District Attorney.

Orange county.—Charles Borland, Judge; Moses Sweezy, Surrogate; Nathan Westcott, District Attorney.

No Extra Session.—In reference to a rumour that an extra session of Congress was soon to be called, the Union says:

We are at a loss to know how such a rumour got into circulation. There is not the slightest foundation for it. No such decision had been made by the President and Cabinet; and we venture to assert that no such idea has ever entered into their minds. *Why* should Congress be called? The administration have money, men, and munitions sufficient to carry on the war with glory and success, and, unless Mexico be infatuated, to negotiate an honourable peace. At home, the reforms which Congress have adopted in our financial system are developing their benefits by the energies of the machinery which Congress have already established.

Queer Movement.—The Albany Patriot, of April 28th, has six columns filled with a statement of principles, and a call for a Convention in June, to nominate candidates for President and Vice President of the United States. The call is signed by Wm Goodell, James C. Jackson, and some others, who have been members of the Liberty party. The call, however, is for a *new* party, not with *one* sure corner stone, but with such a number of rolling stones, that no party can stand upon them. *Land Monopoly, Tariff,* and *secret* societies are to be dashed in pieces by this new car. Some things proposed, gentlemen, are very good—we intend to go for them at the proper time, but *divide* and conquer is a good motto. When we get the rights of *man*, to *himself* secured, we will then look out for the ground upon which he treads, and the clothes he wears.—*Emancipator.*

New Use for Glass.—They are making, in England, a carefully prepared ruby-coloured glass as a substitute for the ebony keys of organs and piano fortes.

Outrage.—A coloured man, residing in West Hempfield township, Lancaster county, named Wm. Rigby, was, on Monday evening last, decoyed into the woods about a mile from Columbia, by a young negro, where an ambush of fifteen or twenty negroes lay in wait for him, who tied him to a tree, and literally cut him to pieces. Rigby recognized two of the gang, for the arrest of whom warrants have been issued by Justice Moore.

The cause of this outrage is ascribed to Rigby having betrayed a runaway to the "kidnappers," of which he strenuously protests his innocence.—*Jeffersonian.*

Capt. Flowery Pardoned.—This man, who was convicted in May, 1845, of fitting out the schooner Spitfire, for the Slave-Trade, and was sentenced to a fine of five years imprironment, has been pardoned by the President. The principal reason given by the President in his proclamation, is, the health of the prisoner has become impaired, and should his imprisonment continue, death, or incurable disease may be the result. Some of the jury, citizens of Boston, district attorney, marshal, physician, and keeper of the jail, from motives of humanity urge pardon,—these, with the consideration of the punishment he has suffered, and the ends of public justice having been obtained, are deemed sufficient to let him at liberty.—*Boston Whig.*

Snow in the Country.—Gentlemen from the interior of New Hampshire, on the 4th, report two feet of snow on a level, in the woods, and large banks in the roads The Franconia mail continued to go through the Notch on runners, and the sleighing was reported "first-rate."

In Peacham, Vt. on the 1st of May, the ground was entirely covered with snow, and there were banks in every direction, from two feet to eight feet deep.—*Boston Traveller, 11th.*

Married,

In Boston, May 8th, at King's Chapel, by Rev. E. Peabody, H. J. BIGELOW, M. D. to SUSAN, daughter of Wm. Sturgis.

Died,

In Sturbrige, Mass., Monday, May 3d, after a short but distressing illness, Mrs. HARIETTE RHODES, wife of Mr. Enoch Cox, and daughter of the late Silas Weaver, of Coventry, R. I. in the 27th year of her age.

In Philadelphia, Dr. GEORGE MCLELLAN, a distinguished physician of that city.

In Springfield, Mass. N. P. AMES, Esq. aged 44.

NOTICES.

WESTERN ANTI-SLAVERY FAIR.

Contributions for this Fair to aid the band of noble women whose names are attached to the call published in the Standard, to get up one worthy of the occasion, and of the cause, can be left at the Anti-Slavery offices in Boston, New-York, and Philadelphia. Packages forwarded to the West should be directed to J. E. Jones, Salem, Columbiana county, Ohio, and if sent by the northern route, which is the best one, they should be marked (care of Charles Bradburn, Cleveland, Ohio,) or if by the southern route, (care of J. M. Makim, No. 31, North 5th street, Philadelphia.) And in all instances they should be on the way West by the 15th of July.

SAMUEL BROOKE,
General Agent.

NOTICE.

Ward, Douglass & Remond. Ho! Western New-York!!

I have the pleasure of announcing to the people of Western New-York, that the distinguished advocates of the rights of universal man, whose names stand at the head of this notice, have consented to be at CANANDAIGUA, on Sunday and Monday, August one and two, to lecture on American Slavery, Sunday afternoon and evening, and to participate on Monday in the celebration of the Anniversary of West India Emancipation. Come up, men, women, and children, on this glorious occasion' and get good.

J. C. HATHAWAY.

ANNUAL MEETING OF THE CHESTER COUNTY ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY.

The annual meeting of the Chester County Anti-Slavery Society will be held at Cochranville, on Friday and Saturday, the 28th and 29th instant, first session to commence at 10 o'clock, A. M. It is hoped that a large representation of the tried and true friends of the slave from all parts of the county will be present; and that each will endeavour to induce one honest-minded individual, not heretofore active in the cause of the slave, to come and be a partaker in our annual council;—that we may not only be renewed in hope and vigour for the coming year, by the sympathy and cheer of one another, but haply may elicit the aid of others to help in the *work* of the time coming.

A season has been selected when the farmers will neither be engaged with the plough nor the scythe, and their time can well be devoted to the culture of the moral field, where *man* is the soil, truth the plough, love the seed, and liberty the harvest. Is there any reason why this should not be the largest meeting ever held by this Society?

"They must upward still and onward,
Who would keep abreast of truth."

EDWIN FUSSELL, *Cor. Sec'y.*

COMING WEST.

Our friends in the West will be rejoiced to hear, that (accidents not preventing) Wm. Lloyd Garrison and James N. Buffum will be at the anniversary meeting of the Western Anti-Slavery Society in August, and remain in the West a few weeks.

Parker Pillsbury hopes to attend a first of August meeting in Ohio, and remain some time with us; and Frederick Douglass, in company with Charles Lenox Remond, will attend the anniversary, and visit several other places before they return.

SAMUEL BROOKE, *Gen. Agt.*

New England Anti-Slavery Convention.

The advocates and friends of the fettered and downtrodden millions in the United States are hereby notified, that the THIRTEENTH NEW-ENGLAND ANTI-SLAVERY CONVENTION will be held in the Marlboro' Chapel, Boston, on TUESDAY, May 25th, at ten o'clock, A. M. and will continue in session for three days, as usual. This is the most attractive and most numerously attended Anti-Slavery anniversary held in any part of the country, during the year. It is hoped and believed, that the approaching meeting will excite unparalleled interest, bring together an overwhelming host of those who have enlisted to the end of the conflict with the Slave-Power, and give an impulse to the cause of impartial liberty that shall be felt in every part of the republic. Be our watchwords—"IMMEDIATE EMANCIPATION! NO UNION WITH SLAVEHOLDERS!"

In behalf of the Board of Managers of the Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Society,

FRANCIS JACKSON, *President.*
EDMUND QUINCY, *Secretary.*

ANTI-SLAVERY LEAGUE.

Tickets of membership may be obtained at 142 Nassau St. price 25 cts. Friends from the country wishing tickets, to constitute themselves and any of their friends members of the League, may obtain them by remitting the money and names with the residence of each, when the tickets properly filled up, will be forwarded to them by mail.

The Anti-Slavery League is an Association formed in London, of which George Thompson, Esq. is President, and which is intended to include all, in all parts of the world, who can adopt the PRINCIPLE of the League, which is thus expressed on the ticket:

"Slaveholding, under all conceivable circumstances, is a heinous sin, and ought to be immediately abandoned."

WESTERN ANTI-SLAVERY FAIR.

It is proposed to hold a Fair, to aid the cause of emancipation, at the time and place of the next anniversary of the Western Anti-Slavery Society; and the object of this circular is to invite all, to assist in preparing for that occasion, who are the foes of oppression—who desire that our country shall be redeemed from the rule of tyrants—who wish to break the yoke of the captive, and to repel the aggressions which Slavery is making upon our own rights. Whether the contributions shall be worthy of the cause—worthy the high professions of those who stand forth as the friends of liberty, may greatly depend, reader, upon your efforts. Areyou willing to contribute of your abundance or your penury? are you willing to stimulate others to do good works, and unite with them to bring your neighbourhood offering, and lay it upon the altar of humanity? If you have neither silver nor gold, are you willing to consecrate a portion of what you *do* possess to this cause? Let the farmer and his wife bring grain and wool, brooms and baskets, cloth, and other manufactured articles—let the dairy-maid come with her cheese and butter, and the miller with his flour—let the hatter and tinner, the saddler and shoemaker, present such needful things as their several handicrafts can furnish—let the merchant contribute liberally of his stock, and those who are skilful with the needle, bring such useful and fancy articles as their ingenuity may devise.

The proceeds of this Fair will be appropriated to the support of the Anti-Slavery movement in the West, either by placing them at the disposal of the Western Anti-Slavery Society, or applying them, by direction of the donors, to some branch of this reform, in harmony with the views of that society.

The cause for which we ask you to labour is one which is fraught with the deepest interest to millions of our race—it meets with favour from the virtuous and the good, and is approved by the Father of the oppressed. We affectionately invite you to share the toil and the reward of this work—we appeal to you in the name of MAN, robbed and outraged—we ask you to be true to the instincts of your better nature, and to prove by your actions that you appreciate the blessings of liberty and the safe-guards of virtue.

Betsey M. Cowles, Austinburg,
Lydia Irish, New Lisbon,
Jane D. McNealy, Greene,
Mary Donaldson, do.
Matilda S. Howell, Painesville,
Susan Marshall, do.
Maria L. Giddings, Jefferson,
Mercy Lloyd, Lloydsville,
Mary Ann Bronson, Medina,
Phebe Ann Carroll, Ravenna,
Martha J. Tilden, do.
Ruth Dugdale, Green Plain,
Elizabeth Borton, Selma,
Maria Whitmore, Andover,
Serepta Brown, New Lyme,
Eliza Cowles, Geneva,
Zilpah Barnaby, Mt. Union,
Harriet N. Torrey, Parkman,
Elizabeth A. Stedman, Randolph,
Cordelia Smalley do.
Elizabeth Butterworth Hopkinsville,
Ann Walker, Leesville,
Mary Griswold, New Garden,
Eliza Holmes, Columbiana,
Leah Voglesong, do.
Anna C. Fuller, Brooklyn,
Cornelia R. Cowles, Buffalo, N. Y.
Laura Barnaby, Salem,
J. Elizabeth Jones. do,

FAIR COMMITTEE.

At a meeting of the Philadelphia Female Anti-Slavery Society, held March 11th, 1847, the following persons were appointed a Committee on the Fair, to be held at the close of the year:

Mary T. Stickney,	Margaretta Forten,
Anna M. Hopper,	Mary Grew,
Emma Parker,	Mary Shaw,
A. Matilda Cassey,	Esther Reckless,
Janette Jackson,	Sarah Pugh,
Maria M. Davis,	Clementine Green,
Margaret Griscom,	Elizabeth Carman,
Martha Carman,	Sarah M. Douglass,
Harriet D. Purvis,	Esther Hogeland,
Hannah L. Stickney,	Esther Burr,
Emily Winslow,	Lydia Gillingham,
Theresa K. Hallowell,	Sarah L. Child,
Paulina S. Wright,	Gertrude K. Burleigh,
Sarah A. McKim,	Huldah Justice,
Eliza J. Bias,	Margaret Jones.

NEW MUSIC.—"There's a Good Time Coming." The above popular Song, also, "He Doeth All Things Well," Mother's Bible, Excelsior, Away Down East, May Queen, Old Granite State, Pauper's Funeral, and Lament of the Prisoner, Bridge of Sighs, Burial of Mrs. Judson, Think Gently of the Erring, (composed by a prisoner,) Get off

Poetry.

For the National Anti-Slavery Standard.

BIBLES AND BOWIE-KNIVES.

[Those who are in the habit of reading the journals of the day, will have no need to be informed that, to one of the volunteer regiments, Bibles and bowie-knives were furnished. They will also recognize, in the fifth verse, the declaration of a Western editor, when leaving his duties, to engage in the war, and go to heaven by the way of Mexico. These, and similar circumstances, suggested the following verses.]

A Bible and a bowie-knife! chaplains, and tracts, and sabres!
And off to scenes of mortal strife, and butcher down your neighbours;
Thrust to the hilt! and when the stream from foemans' hearts is spirting,
Why you 'll be the Church militant, that fact is very certain.

A Bible and a bowie-knife! read all your lessons duly,
Chant psalms to sound of drum and fife! ye must be Christians, truly.
The glittering blade will greatly aid ye in your proselyting,—
And love-feasts form delightful change to intersperse with fighting.

A Bible and a bowie-knife! with fingers red and gory,
Turn o'er the leaves, ye modern saints, and read the Gospel story;
Get up prayer-meetings in the camp, revivals in your quarters,
And when ye fall, ye will be all, an army sure of martyrs.

A Bible and a bowie-knife! let no apostate lurch;
No doubt but your artillery are the canons of the Church;
Your preaching must be orthodox, your doctrines quite a wonder,
For, like the old Mosaic code, they are given forth in thunder.

The Bible and the bowie-knife! how good 'twill look in story,—
Fight the good fight of faith, and hue your pathway unto glory;
Lay hold upon eternal life, and though the road be narrow,
Widen the passage with your swords, 'tis now straight as an arrow.

A Bible and a bowie-knife! bombshells, grapeshot, and bullets!
Teachers with bayonets to stick in unbelievers' gullets;
Sharp steel to sunder knotty points, lances to stick the rowels,
And such nice tracts to staunch up wounds, and comfort empty bowels.

A Bible and a bowie-knife! with holy zeal anointed,
The greatest sceptic must admit your arguments are pointed.
And quite fastidious he must be who can refuse communion,
Where Satan and Saviour, love and hate, join in such happy union.

A Bible and a bowie-knife! on with mad valour rushing,
Where bleeding limbs lie scatter'd round, and skulls and brains are crushing;
Shrink not, for if Heaven squeamishly withhold its approbation,
Hell will, with joy, retrim its fires, for a grand illumination!

JAMES STILLMAN.

Miscellany.

TOUSSAINT:
AN HISTORICAL ROMANCE.

(From an unpublished Translation from the German of Theodore Mügge.)

CHAPTER VII.

Behind St. Raphael, in wild mountain ridges, are the sources of the Gamayuco, the great tributary of the Artibonite. Here are many hidden valleys, which as the Spaniards say, have never been trodden by human foot, and certainly it would be no easy task to act the guide through the vast labyrinth of gaps, and rocks, and impenetrable forests, caverns, and secret entrances, to places walled about by steep rocks, a dreary wilderness enlivened only by the wonders of the vegetable kingdom. No axe has ever profaned its primeval forests, with their lofty domes of mahogany, acaya, oak, and tulip trees, many of which, after standing for centuries, show their fallen trunks like immense wrecks of giant forms. A death-like stillness reigns in this realm of nature. Only occasionally the cry of some unseen bird breaks the silence, or a decayed branch falls with a loud crash, or a chilly gust rustles through the towering tree-tops.

The large Hospital of the black army had been established in this wild region, in the parish of St. Miguel, and here the worthy Master Bertrand, chief surgeon, showed his skill in patching and severing human members. He had for assistants a few ignorant Spanish surgeons, and a few others of the same profession from the destroyed plantations, adventurers, in most instances. It must be granted, however, that the little Doctor was a skilful and even a learned man, who kept all around him in awe of his scholarship, and who, much as he loved to cut and saw, a delight which he shared in common with his more famous colleagues in Europe, was still honestly desirous of benefiting his patients. Cut off from all civilization, and only scantily supplied now and then with a few indispensable drugs by the Spaniards, Bertrand had to strain his own invention, and supply himself from what nature herself offered. His botadical acquirements were considerable. The valleys of the Gamayuco offered him capital opportunities; and the little physician, whose body was dried up like parchment, shunned neither musquitoes, nor sand-flies, nor snakes, nor heat, making long excursions, accompanied by Valsain, and sometimes by a few of his convalescents.

A little caravan of this sort, headed by Master Bertrand, and laden with plants in bundles and hampers, had been travelling in the mountains of Gonave almost a full day's journey from St. Miguel. The day was declining, and Master Bertrand reached an elevated point, and turning carelessly from the grand tropical prospect beneath him, he drew out a cigar, and steel, and flint, struck fire, and though he looked towards the West, he heeded not the scenery, but gazed at the sun as it descended almost perceptibly. Shaking his head, he remarked:—"There will be a stormy night, you rogues. The old woods, yonder, look as if they were on fire, and over the Pic de Tonnère hangs a cloud that looks like a red gash, blue and red, and there is a moving in it like what one sees in a lacerated muscle."

"The clouds too are creatures," said Valsain, who had been very quiet all day, and who was always better when roaming in the mountains, "they live, and stir, and make faces. The clouds—I love them, for they hide that fire-ball which has burnt men black."

"Foolish fellow," said the Doctor, "say no evil of the sun. But a cloud has got into your head, tangling up your poor brains, but you had better pack up your bundles, so that we may reach some shelter before night." He called to the two negroes, and in a little while, the little troop were on their way down to the river, upon whose banks they hoped to find some solitary settler.

But night soon set in. The brilliant stars of the Southern hemisphere began to shed their light, but were soon hidden by heavy clouds. The roar of the distant but rapidly approaching tempest, was now heard, and the gusts of wind grew more and more fierce.

"Massa," said one of the negroes, in alarm, "not good for us to go on. Cæsar has often seen such storms without rain or thunder,—breaks the trees, tears up rocks, Massa, and throws them in the air like potatoes, and men, Massa, men are carried off and broken all to pieces."

"If that's all you have to say," said the Doctor, "hold your tongue, and wait till you are broken in pieces yourself, and then we'll pick you up and stitch you together. I have seen worse storms, you dunce. But look there! I see a light through the bushes—there must be men there—any shelter is better than the open sky."

The Doctor ran on, followed by his attendants, and soon came upon a beaten path, which shortly led them to a hut of rather large dimensions, standing under a sheltering rock. A voice was now heard, singing a wild monotonous tune, accompanied by a pipe and tambourine. With all its terrible discords, the music paid some regard to time. Bertrand cautiously put aside the bushes. The door of the hut, now close before him, made of reeds and full of apertures, enabled him to look into the interior where a sight presented itself which made the Doctor question whether it would not be better to retreat at once and trust to the chance of a better shelter, or to the mercy of the storm. But he was a brave man, and his curiosity was awakened. Besides, he was well-known among the negroes, and there were two black skins with him, who could, if necessary, testify to his pacific character.

His black attendants tried to hold him back, but he pushed them aside, and looked with new wonder into the hut, which was much more spacious than it appeared, extending back under the rock. The floor was covered with a mat of rushes. In a remote corner was a fireplace with large stones, whence a small flame sent forth a dim light. A stout old woman was stooping near the fire, with a tambourine in her hand, which she shook with a regular movement, with her eyes fixed upon a group of men who were squatting around a white figure which the Doctor recognized as a Fetisch Priest, one of that class who were persecuted or ridiculed by such of their own race as had embraced Christianity, or were born in St. Domingo. The Spaniards, when they could catch any of these Priests, put them to the rack, and then sent them, as heretics or idolaters, to the mines. By the true Congo negroes they were reverenced and sheltered. But all regarded them as possessors of extraordinary knowledge and manufacturers of poisonous drugs.

The priest was of short stature. His body was thickly daubed with white lines, and his head covered with a veil curiously folded and hanging down in ample folds on both sides. He was seated on a piece of board, rocking to and fro, drawing lines in the air with a small rod, which he let fall at regular intervals, and applying his mouth to a reed pipe accompanied the tambourine in wild and mournful strains. A dark object, the nature of which the Doctor could not ascertain, was placed before him, and on it some strange living creature kept moving, at one time folded together, then raising itself up and separating itself, as it seemed, into rings, and then again extending itself in opposite directions. At this moment the fire flashed up, and by its glare Bertrand saw that it was a couple of beautiful serpents which danced, as it were, before the wizzard, whose movements they appeared to follow.

As a naturalist, the Doctor gazed with open eyes and mouth. He saw that the serpents were of African origin, such as he knew were worshipped as war-Fetisches by the negroes, and to which bloody sacrifices were offered. He had heard that snakes of this sort were brought over by the captains of slavers, and sold at high prices to the free blacks. But he had attached little faith to the story. But now he was overcome with surprise and scientific enthusiasm. He longed to see the *snake-stone*, which it was said, they carried in their heads, and which was said also to be an antidote against poison. They were indeed beautiful. It would not be easy to imagine anything more admirable than these slender little columns, about five feet in height, displaying in their graceful motions the whole splendour of their colours. The light of the fire was reflected from their shining scales with a brightness, as if they had just come from the hands of the artisan. Their sides shone like pure gold, and their backs were dappled with three rows of oval spots of a light gray hue and equal size. Their broad heads were decorated with yellow streaks like crowns, and their glittering eyes darted forth a magic power, as if they were conscious of the divinity ascribed to them. There was something demon-like in their aspect amid the sounds of the tambourine and pipe, and the fearful roar of the tempest, the negroes forming all the while a motionless group. When the Priest raised his rod, the large adder-heads began to gape, darting forth their blood-red tongues. The sharp hissing of one responded to by the other, was the language which the priest interpreted as oracles. He would then prostrate himself, murmuring a prayer, and then rise, and gently stroking the serpent's necks, exclaim, "Thy slave has heard thy commands, great Fetisch; aye, aye, they shall be fulfilled."

Suddenly the snakes raised themselves nearly their whole length, and turning their turgid heads and crests, amidst angry hisses, toward the entrance of the hut, quickly wound themselves into a coil, and dropped motionless on the platform. The Obi burst out into a howl, flung away his wand, and, tearing the veil from his head, covered it instead with the coiled snakes; the blacks, whom he addressed in a foreign tongue, became filled with terror and rage.

By whatever means it was that the serpents discovered the presence of strangers, suffice it to say, that at the very moment when the negro, at the bidding of the Obi, were snatching up their swords, muskets, and clubs, and rushing towards the door, the door was thrown open by a furious blast, which brought down branches of trees and stones, and the startled Doctor was seen standing on the threshold. His odd figure was by no means ill-suited to the scene. A straw hat with a small crown and a huge brim, and strings dangled from his neck, leaving uncovered his bald head with its few grizzled hairs. A dirty cotton cloak hung from his shoulders, kept on by the strap of a green pouch in which was stuck a knife and pair of scissors; he carried a thick bamboo cane which contained a three-edged dagger, the only weapon he had about him. His athletic famulus was half-naked, with a bushy beard, and he and the two negroes were armed with cutlasses and half hidden under the bundles with which they were laden. They were saluted with yells of surprise and rage. But approaching the Obi, who stretched out his hand to keep him at a distance, the Doctor exclaimed: "Good people, four friends of the King, and servants of his Excellency Jean Francois, (whom God protect!) have lost their way. They are hungry and weary, and the black man knows what hardships are." With this he looked sharply at the priest, and suddenly exclaimed: "What! is it you, Hiagin, or Pierre, as we christened you, is it you! my son, do I find you again? Where have you kept yourself since Breda was laid in ashes? Here in this wilderness, with dancing snakes? And pretty things they are, too, so tame, and so rare, 'vipera trinocula,' if I saw right; but poisonous like the coluber cursor, with double fangs. But where did you put them? Let me see whether their fangs have been broken out, as is done by the Indian and Egyptian jugglers, the Psylli, as they are called."

The Obi stood motionless listening to the loquacious Doctor, but when the latter stooped towards the ground, upon which the Priest had placed the snakes, the face of the Obi became absolutely fiendish. He leaped at his treasures, caught them up and wound them around his arms, while they thrust out their swollen and hissing heads, and called out to Bertrand: "Cursed man! stir not a finger, or by the God you serve, you will crumble into dust, you will be turned into smoke!"

The Doctor's eyes were fastened all the while with eager curiosity upon the snakes. "By George! they really have still their double fangs. I'll not touch them, I should be a corpse in five minutes. But put them down, I'll give you all I have, my son, to teach me the secret how you tame these creatures."

Hiagin stared at him with sparkling eyes. "This is the day of sacrifice," he exclaimed. "In the great Temple of Widdah, the Priests are drawing the sacred circles, and the captives tremble. Sieze him, the blasphemer of the Fetisch," he cried to the negroes, "tie his accursed arms—he must die!"

The dusky circle of black forms seemed to be waiting only for this signal. Two powerful negroes seized the Doctor, who struggled in their grasp, and called aloud to Valsain, who stood leaning his huge person against a post, and who broke out into a wild laugh at the sight of his master's struggles. The two black attendants of Bertrand threw themselves upon the ground, imploring their savage brethren to spare their lives.

In this emergency, Bertrand lost none of his presence of mind. "You rascals," he cried, "you murderous dogs, cursed be the ashes of your fathers! In the name of the great General, Jean Francois, whose surgeon I am, in the name of Toussaint Breda, I warn you, they will be revenged on you and your children. By the great Fetisch, and the God of the Christians, your blood shall flow in streams!"

These threats made some impression; but they would hardly have moved the Obi himself, who broke into a contemptuous laugh, if the Doctor had not at this, found sympathy in an unlooked-for quarter. When the negroes fell upon him, there remained one black sitting by the old woman at the fire, a stout fellow, wrapped in rags, who, after casting a sullen look at the intruders, hid his head again between his knees, around which his arms were clasped, and preserved a posture apparently of mourning. As Bertrand shouted the name of Toussaint, declaring himself the great wonder-doctor of Jean Francois, the old negress seized this man by the shoulders, shaking him and whispering in his ears. Whereupon he arose, but the woman had already approached the Priest. "Hiagin," she cried, "I see in the man's face, he is telling the truth. He is a friend, Toussaint Breda protects him, he shall live."

"Silence, woman," replied he Priest, "the offended Gods demand his life. He is a traitor! The evil spirits are white. I see his pale heart beating, it is full of poison, like a Manioe flower. Bind him, I say. Bind him fast, and lay him by the fire."

"Let the white man go, Obi," said the man to whom the negress had whispered, "I will it, I speak. He is a wise man, a great sorcerer. Jean Francois calls him friend."

There now arose a vehement altercation, carried on by the last speaker, with a flood of words and violent gesticulations, the Obi replying in a more dignified manner, while the rest listened now and then with signs of alarm and terror.

All at once the Obi, still holding the serpents, began to flourish them over his head, and then he brought them close to his ears, and exclaimed: "Curses on you, if you dare disobey the great Fetisch. He shall die, and his soul be tormented millions of years." The negro uttered a howl in reply, and rushing towards the box on which the adders had been dancing, and seizing hold of it, he kocked his head against it with a force which would have cracked an ordinary scull. He then tore open the doors of the box, which, as Bertrand now saw, was a tabernacle taken from some Catholic altar. And the negro proved to be Romaine de la Prophetesse, who now performed before the Doctor the same part which was once witnessed by Jumecourt. Putting his head into the box, he cried, in a hollow, whining tone: Obi, false traitor, listen to the voice of the Holy Virgin. Verily, I charge you, receive the stranger, give him meat and drink. He can do great things, and drive away evil spirits; so says the Holy Virgin, a greater deity than all your Fetisches, they are only my servants"

"Only your servants!" shouted the Obi. "I despise your God. It is a woman. False slave, you lie. The great Fetisch is greater than all. His head is above the stars. His body surrounds the world, and your God is but air. His Priests are slaves and deceivers like yourself."

"Your Fetisch is false," cried the furious Romaine, "I spit upon the grave of its father—it is a beast without legs. It can work no miracles. Your Fetisch needs the stars and the world to be called great, but the Holy Virgin is satisfied with this box, from which she speaks to her prophets, and Romaine is a prophet. Put away your snakes, Obi, or my invisible goddess will put out her hands and choke them. Cast yourself down and pray or you will die. Pray, pray to the Holy Virgin. She is here and will devour us all."

And he knocked his head against the box while the negroes prostrated themselves, and even the Obi became alarmed, and hid his snakes, and fell upon his knees, and murmured prayers for mercy. The Doctor forgot his peril in the oddity of the scene, and at this point, unable to contain himself any longer, he exclaimed:

"Valiant champion of the true faith! That's what I call fighting for holy Mother Church. That's it, will ye, will ye submit, or be damned. Thunder down this Priest of Belial and make him hide his false Gods. You deserve to be canonized. Let us flay and burn the idolator, to the glory of the Holy Virgin. That's the way for centuries past."

The Obi and Romaine suddenly became composed, and the former led the other apart, where they conversed with quite a friendly animation."

"The deuce!" said Bertrand, "these black fellows are wiser than I thought. Instead of devouring each other, they only threaten, and then let each believe as he likes. But I wager the big fellow is going to require some charm of me. Well, I'll give them the slip yet, I guess." And he fumbled in his large pocket, and finding what he sought, and chuckling to himself, he tried to catch a word or two of the conversation going on between the two worthies.

"No, Obi! No, Hiagin! I say no!" he heard Romaine say, "he is a great sorcerer, and I will be his friend. You don't know these white men. They know everything. I will tell him what I want and he will help me."

"Fool," said the Obi, vehemently, "the Gods have spoken—you have sworn,—they have given the man to me, will you learn what their wrath is?"

Romaine stood lost in thought, his countenance expressing deep sorrow. He dropped his hands, and seized convulsively his ragged garments, his head sunk on his breast, but suddenly new life seemed to pervade his whole frame. "I shall remember, Obi," he said, "Romaine's will is strong, he will keep his oath, if the white man does not help him."

The hateful face of the little Priest brightened up with triumph. "Go, then," he exclaimed, "go to the false white man. False he is as the traitors whom he calls friends; he will deceive you—but Hiagin will watch."

"Romaine is a prophet," replied the other, "he has often shown how wise he is."

Bertrand understood enough of this conversation to be aware of the danger in which he stood. He had heard more than once that the Congo negroes, even those who had been baptized, were in the habit, despite the vigilance of the Spaniards, to celebrate heathen festivals in the mountain, with horrible and bloody sacrifices. The barbarous superstition of the African, inconsistent with any correct ideas of religion, justifies the presumption that the number who secretly adhered to Fetischism was larger than was supposed. When the insurrection broke out, the Pagan Priests were not a little conspicuous, participating in acts of cruelty, furnishing charms, and inflaming the courage of the warriors. Still there was an outward and habitual respect for Christianity and the clergy. Jean Francois was wholly under the influence of Christian Priests, Toussaint and others were on the same side, and the African Priests, objects of persecution, fled to the gloomy forests, where they joined their savage brethren in robbery and murder.

Romaine now approached the Doctor, and led him to the fire. The black woman, at his bidding, fetched a couple of dry flat cakes and some dried fish. Placing them before Bertrand, said she, "Eat, Massa, this is all poor Mirmah can give. She will go now, and tell another woman that the Doctor has come who will comfort her soul."

Seizing one of the burning sticks, she retired towards the back part of the hut, and disappeared behind a coarse mat which hung from the wall. The Doctor stared after her with looks of curiosity. He had not yet seen, it seemed, the whole extent of the hut. There was evidently some hidden recess, and occupied also by some person whom he had not seen. The Obi had covered himself with his white veil, and was squatted in an opposite corner, motionless as a corpse. His adherents were laying around, and near the door, as if to guard it. They were nine in number, their skins of the jettest black, all well-armed, but apparently half-famished. Not a word was uttered.

At length, unable to keep silence any longer, and encouraged by Romaine's looks, the Doctor began: "M. Romaine," said he, "I wish to know how I shall repay you for the assurances of good will."

"Massa Bertrand," said Romaine, in better French than the Doctor expected, "I apply to the wise man in a matter which troubles my heart. O! I might easily obtain aid by imploring the Holy Virgin, whose phophet I am, for Massa Bertrand has seen how she tells me all I wish to know, but I cannot go to her in an affair at which she might take offence."

The lie was so well devised that the prophet smiled at his own cunning. "Certainly," said the Doctor, "if the saints help us for the general welfare, one should not trouble them about one's private affairs. But let me hear, M. Romaine, how I can serve you."

"Massa," replied the black, "it is not long since that all trembled before Romaine. I came from the South, and the white masters lay at my feet. The people of St. Marc sent to me and said: 'Prophet of the Holy Virgin, spare us, and we will give you money, and wine, and meat. Then hundreds of his brethren obeyed his word, and when he put his head in the box, and the Holy Virgin spoke to him, his brethren shouted and trembled."

"I've heard of those times," said Bertrand, "I can conceive how unpleasant it must be that those days have gone by, but, with the best intentions, I cannot make them return."

"I don't care about that," cried the slave, and his eyes flashed. "I got the revenge I wanted. O, massa, Romaine has made the blood of his enemies flow. But listen. There is a plantation at the South, where lives a mulatto, whose wife delighted my heart the moment I saw her; but no matter—my axe broke the scull of a massa, who was about to carry her off; Romaine took her for himself. He escaped with his brethren, and the bloodhounds howled in the forest in vain. I became the slave of that woman, but she was harsh to me, and I would not offend her. But the Obi came, and he put fire in my blood."

"And have you got her still?" exclaimed the Doctor. "Is she here?"

Pointing to the mat behind which Mirmah had vanished, Romaine grew more excited. "There she is, and she hates Romaine, who loves her as he loves the Holy Virgin. The Obi said to me: 'You a man, and cry for a woman who calls you dog? The Gods are great, and loves him who brings them sacrifices. The Priests solemnize the feast of the great Fetisch, who descends to receive the blood and the hearts of young women. He who offers him such sacrifices is his favourite, to whom he will give great powers.' So the Obi spoke, and I swore to sacrifice this woman that scorns me. To-night the fires burn, and her heart shall be cut in pieces, but Romaine is sad. He would not kill the woman, but he must, he hath sworn it."

"And Romaine wishes me to speak to the woman," said Bertrand, "and give her some charm to make her love the prophet?"

"You shall see her," cried Romaine. "Tell her all you have heard. Tell her Romaine is powerful, and has gold, plenty of gold. The world is large. Romaine will go with her wherever she chooses."

"And if she is not willing, M. Romaine?"

The eyes of the black gleamed fiercely. "Then," said he, "her heart shall be torn out. But, Massa, you are a wise man, a magician, you must give her a charm to make her love me. You can do that, but beware how you offend Romaine. He has made many promises to the Obi."

"Which I guess he will not keep," thought the little Doctor, as he assumed a thoughtful and knowing air. Pulling out his pocket-book, and taking from it a slip of paper, he drew a number of odd marks and figures, inserting between them a few words, leaving it to Romaine to stare at the magical characters with jealous and curious looks.

(To be continued.)

The April number of Blackwood contains an article on the Model Republic, which we cannot refrain from copying. We confess we enjoy such wholesale and thorough abuse, though our own friends are not excepted, for the capital manner in which it is done, and because so much of is so well deserved. It will be finished in the next paper, and we hope our readers may enjoy it as much as we have.

HOW THEY MANAGE MATTERS IN THE MODEL REPUBLIC.

In our last April number—on the appropriate Day of Fools—we laid before our readers a few stray flowers of speech, culled with little labour in that garden of oratorical delight—the Congress of the United States. Sweets to the sweet!—We confess that we designed that salutary exposure less for the benefit of our readers and subscribers in the Old World, than of those who are our readers, but not our subscribers, in the New. For, in the absence of an international copyright law, Maga is extensively pirated in the States, extensively read, and we fear very imperfectly digested. This arrangement appears to us to work badly for all the parties concerned. It robs the British publisher, and impoverishes the native author. As to the American public, if our precepts had exercised any influence upon their practice, they would have learned long ago that ill-gotten goods never prosper, and that they who make booty of other men's wits, are not excepted from the general condemnation of evil-doers. Some day, perhaps, they will consent to profit by what they prig, and thus, like the fat knight, turn their diseases to commodity—the national disease of *appropriation* to the commodity of self-knowledge and self-rebuke.

An American journalist, however, has put the matter in quite a new light, so far as we are concerned. Lord Demus, it appears, like other despots, is a hard master, and exacts from his most oppressed slaves a tribute of constant adulation. We, too, are invited to applaud his felonious favours, and assured that the honour and glory of being read by him on his own free and easy terms, is enough for the like of us.

"So long," says the editor of the *New-York Gazette and Times*, "as our National Legislature refuses to give the Republic an International Copyright Law, so that American periodicals of a higher class may be supported among us, the English reviews will do the thinking of our people upon a great variety of subjects. They make no money, indeed, directly by their circulation here; but their conductors cannot but feel the importance, and value the influence of having the whole American literary area to themselves. *Blackwood*, whose circulation on this side of the Atlantic is, on account of its cheapness, double perhaps that which it can claim in the British islands, is more and more turning its attention to American subjects, which it handles generally with its wonted humorous point, and witty spitefulness."

This is very fine; but we can assure our friendly critic, that we feel no call whatever to undertake the direction of the American conscience. Our ambition to "do the thinking" of our Yankee cousins is materially damped by the unpleasant necessity it involves, of being "done" ourselves. They seem, however, to claim a prescriptive right to the works of the British press, as well as to the funds of the British public. They read our book, on the same principle as they borrow our money, and abuse their benefactors into the bargain with more than Hibernian asperity. After all, however, we believe that the candour of Maga has as much to do with their larcenous admiration of her pages, as the "cheapness" to which our New-York editor alludes. To use their own phrase, "they go in for excitement considerable;" and, to be told of their faults, is an excitement which they seldom enjoy at the hands of their own authors. Now, we are accustomed to treat our own public as a rational, but extremely fallible personage, and to think that we best deserve his support by administering to his failings the language of unpalatable truth. And we greatly mistake the character of Demus, and even of that conceited monster the American Demus,—if this be not the direction in which the interest, as well as the duty, of the public writer lies. Certain it is, that even in the United States those books circulate most freely, which lash most vigorously the vices of the Republic. Honest Von Raumer's dull encomium fell almost still-born from the press, while the far more superficial pages of Dickens and Trollope were eagerly devoured by a people who are daily given to understand, by their own authors, that they are the greatest, the wisest, the most virtuous nation under the sun. Let a European author be never so well disposed towards them, his partial applause contributes but little to their full-blown complacency. But, when they hear that the Republic has been traduced by a foreign, and especially a British pen, their vanity is piqued, their curiosity excited, and their conscience smitten. Every one denounces the libel in public, and every one admits its truth to himself—"What!" say they, "does the Old World in truth judge us harshly? Is it really scandalized by such trifles as the repudiation of our debts, and the enslavement of our fellow-creatures? Must we give up our playful duels, and our convenient spittoons, before we can hope to pass muster as Christians and gentlemen beyond our own borders? O free Demus! O wise Demus! O virtuous Demus! Will you betake yourself to cleanly and well-ordered ways at the bidding of the scribbler?" Thus "they eat, and eke they swear;" vowing all the time that they "will horribly revenge." No doubt, however, the bitter pill of foreign animadversion, though distasteful to the palate, relieves the inflation of the stomach, and leaves them better and lighter than before. But when will a native Aristophanes arise to purge the effeminacy of the American press, and show up the sausage-venders and Cleons of the Republic in their true light? How long will the richest field of national folly in the world remain unreaped, save by the crochety sickles of dull moralists and didactic pamphleteers?

Not that moral courage is entirely wanting in the United States; but it is a kind of courage altogether too moral, and sadly deficient in animal spirits. The New Englanders especially, set up, in their solemn way, to admonish the vices of the Republic, and to inoculate them with the virulent virtues of the Puritanical school. The good city of Boston alone teems with transcendental schemes for the total and immediate regeneration of mankind. There we find peace societies, and new moral world societies, and teetotal societies, and Anti-Slavery societies, all "in full blast," each opposing to its respective bane the most sweeping and exaggerated remedies. The Americans never do things by halves; their virtues and their vices are alike in extremes, and the principles of the second book of the Ethics of Aristotle are altogether unknown to their philosophy. At one moment they are all for "brandy and bitters," at the next, tea and turn-out is the order of the day. Here, you must "liquor or fight"—there, a little wine for the stomach's sake is sternly denied to a fit of colic, or an emergency of gripes. The moral soul of Boston thrills with imaginings of perpetual peace, while St. Louis or New Orleans are volcanoes of war. Listen to the voice of New England, and you would think that negro slavery is the only crime of which a nation ever was, or could by possibility be guilty; go to South Carolina, and you are instructed that "the Domestic Institution" is the basis of democratic virtue, the corner-stone of the Republican edifice. Cant, indeed, in one form and other, is the innate vice of the "earnest" Anglo-Saxon mind, on both sides of the Atlantic, and ridicule is the weapon which the gods have appointed for its mitigation. You must lay on the rod with a will, and throw "moral suasion" to the dogs. Above all, your demagogue dreads satire as vermin the avenging thumb—"Anything but that," squeaks he, "an you love me. Liken me to Lucifer, or Caius Gracchus; charge me with ambition and glorious vices; let me be the evil genius of the Commonwealth, the tinsel villain of the political melodrama; but don't threaten me with the fool's cap, or write me down with Dogberry; above all, don't quote me in cold blood, that the foolish people may see, after the fever heat has subsided, what trash I have palmed upon them in the name of liberty!" Yet this is the way, Jonathan, to deal with demagogues. You make too much of yours, man. You are not the blockhead we take you for after all; but you delight to see your public men in motley, and the rogues will fool you to the top of your bent, till it is your pleasure to put down the show. So now that the piper has to be paid, and a lucid interval appears to be dawning upon you, to the pillory at once with these "stump" orators and pot-house politicians, who have led you into such silly scrapes; turn them about, and look at them well in the rough, that you may know them again when you see them, and learn to avoid for the future their foolish and mischievous counsels.

It is remarkable that while a perception of the ridiculous, perhaps to excess, is characteristic of the British mind, and is at the bottom of many defects in the national manners, commonly attributed to less venal feelings, our transatlantic descendants err in just the opposite direction. The Americans seldom laugh at anybody or anything—never at themselves; and this, next to an unfortunate trick of insolvency, and a preternatural abhorrence of niggers, is perhaps the besetting sin of an otherwise "smart" people. As individuals, their peculiarities are not very marked; in truth there is a marvellous uniformity of bad habits amongst them; but when viewed in their collective capacity, whenever two or three of them are gathered together, shades of Democritus! commend us to a seven-fold pocket-handkerchief. The humours of all nations expend themselves on carnivals and feast-days, at the theatre, the ball-room, or the public garden; but the fun of the United States is to be looked for at the public meetings, and philanthropical gatherings, in halls of lyceums, female academies, and legislative bodies. There, they spout, there, they swell, and cover themselves with adulation as with a garment. From the inauguration of a President down to the anniversary of the Slickville Female Institute, no event is allowed to pass without a grand palaver, in which things in general are extensively discussed, and their own things in particular extensively praised. They got the trick no doubt from us, whose performances in this line are quite unrivalled in the Old World, but they have added to our platform common-places a variety and "damnable iteration" entirely their own. Besides when Bull is called upon to make an ass of himself on such occasions, he seems for the most part to have a due appreciation of the fact, while Jonathan's imperturbability and apparent good faith are quite sublime. The things that we have been compelled to hear of that "star-spangled banner!"—and all as if they were spoken in real earnest, and meant to be so understood. We look back upon those side-rending moments with a kind of Lucretian pleasure, and indemnify ourselves for past constraint by a hearty guffaw. All this magniloquence and bad taste, however, is intelligible enough. It springs partly from a want of discipline in their society, and partly from the absence of those studies which purify the taste, enlighten the judgment, and make even dulness respectable. American audiences are not critical—not merely because they are not learned, but because they all take it in turns to be orators, as they do to be colonels of militia and justices of the peace. Thus they learn to bear each other's burdens, and Dullness is fully justified of her children. In a country where all men, at least in theory, are equal, and where every man does, in fact, exercise a certain influence on public affairs, it is not surprising that a large number of persons should possess a certain facility of public speaking, which even in England is far from universal, and is elsewhere possessed by very few. No man in the United States is deterred from offering his views upon matters of State, by the feeling that neither his education nor his position justify his interference. It is difficult in England to realize the practical equality which obtains as a fundamental principle in the Republic. There every man feels himself to be, and in fact is, or at least may be, a potential unit in the community. As a man, he is a citizen—as a citizen, a sovereign, whose caprices are to be humoured, and whose displeasure is to be deprecated. Judge Peddle, for instance, from the backwoods, is not perhaps as eloquent as Webster, nor as subtle as Calhoun, but he has just as good a right to be heard when he goes up to Congress for all that. Is he not accounted an exemplary citizen "and a pretty tall talker" in his own neighbourhood, and where on "the universal airth" would you find a more enlightened public opinion? It would never do to put Peddle down; that would be *leze-majesté* against his constituents, the sovereign people who dwell in Babylon, which is in the county of Lafayette, on the banks of the Chattawichee. Thus endorsed, Peddle soon lays aside his native bashfulness, and makes the walls of Congress vocal to that bewitching eloquence which heretofore captivated the Babylonish mind. He was "raised a leetle too tar to the west of sun-down" to be snubbed by Down-easters, any how; he's a cock of the woods, he is; an "etarnal screamer," "and that's a fact"—with a bowie-knife under his waistcoat, and a patent revolver in his coat pocket, both very much at the service of any gentleman who may dispute his claims to popular or personal consideration.

To meet the case of these volcanic statesmen,

"Aw'd by no shame, by no respect controll'd,"

and in order that the noble army of dunces (a potent majority, of course) may have no reason to complain that the principles of equality are violated in their persons, the House of Representatives has adopted a regulation, commonly called "the one-hour rule." Upon this principle, whenever a question of great interest comes up, each member is allotted one hour by the Speaker's watch—as much less as he pleases, but no more on any consideration. Of course it occasionally happens that a man who has something to say, is not able to say it effectively within the hour; but then, for one such, there are at least a dozen who would otherwise talk for a week without saying anything at all. Upon the whole, therefore, this same one-hour rule is deserving of all praise—the time of the country is saved by it, the sufferings of the more sensible members are abbreviated, while the dunces, to do them justice, make the most of their limited opportunities. Who knows, but that the peace of the world may be owing to it? For as there are about 230 representatives, we should have had, but for it, just as many masterly demonstrations of the title of the Republic to the whole of Oregon—and something more. In such a cause, they would make nothing of beginning with the creation of the world, and ending with the last protocol of Mr. Buchanan! Decidedly, but for "the one-hour rule" we Britishers should have been "everlastingly used up—and no two ways about it." Poor old Adams did actually begin his Oregon speech with the first chapter of Genesis. The title-deeds of the Republic, he said, were to be found in the words, "Be fruitful and multiply and replenish the earth!" Happily, the fatal hammer of the Speaker put down the venerable antediluvian, before he got to the end of the chapter.

In the Senate, on the other hand, which is a less numerous, and somewhat more select body, things still go on in the old-fashioned way. There, when a member has once caught the Speaker's eye, his fortune is made for the day—perhaps for the week. Accordingly, he takes things easy from the very first—kicks his spittoon to a convenient angle, offers a libation of cold water to his parched entrails, and begins. When he leaves off, is another matter altogether—but not generally till he has gone through the round of human knowledge, explored the past, touched lightly upon the present, and cast a piercing glance into the darkness of the future. Soon after three, the Senate adjourns for dinner, and the orator of the day goes to his pudding with the rest, happy in the reflection that he has done his duty by his country, and will do it again on the morrow. We have somewhere read of a paradise of fools. Undoubtedly, Congress is that place. There they enjoy a perfect impunity, and revel in the full gratification of their instincts. Nobody thinks of coughing them down, or swamping them with ironical cheers. There—

"Dullness, with transport, eyes each lively dunce,
Remembering she herself was Pertness once,
And tinsel'd o'er in robes of varying hues,
With self-applause her wild creation views,
Sees momentary monsters rise and fall,
And with her own fool's colours gilds them all."

(To be continued.)

Gleanings from Foreign Papers.

NEW FUEL FOR STEAMERS.—In consequence of the high price of coals in Ireland, experiments are being instituted on board the Rhadamanthus, as to the use of turf, and hitherto they have been very favourable to the substitution. If used in the proportion of two and a half to three tons, for one of coal, turf has been found to answer very well.—*Hampshire Telegraph.*

DANIEL O'CONNELL IN PARIS.—The friends of Mr. O'Connell will be gratified to hear that the learned gentleman is improving in health and spirits. Dr. Olliffe, who has been in close attendance on him since his arrival in Paris, on Saturday called in Dr. Chomel, one of the King's physicians, in consultation, and both these gentlemen have declared that there is no organic lesion whatever in the case, and are sanguine as to his ultimate recovery.

UTTER MISERY.—A poor woman's only child died last Saturday, by the roadside, near Thomastown, and the parent was without means of providing a coffin, or a place to lay the body so as to be safe from the attacks of the dogs and the pigs. She accordingly made her appearance in Thomastown with the dead child tied upon her back, and begged from door to door the means of decently interring the body. A sufficient subscription was made up, and the woman sat in the shop of the coffin-maker, still holding her charge in her arms till the coffin was completed, and everything ready for consigning the corpse to the earth.

ISRAELITE PAINTER.—The Jewish Chronicle states that Monsieur Lebrun, who had the honour of painting the Pope's portrait, is an Israelite.

INTENDED ASSASSINATION OF THE POPE.—A few days ago, a young man was arrested at Rome, in a coffee-house frequented by foreign artists, for having spoken disrespectfully of the Pope. He called himself Count Baldi, a native of Fano, and in his lodgings several pontards, air-guns, and other prohibited arms, were found. He at first would give no explanations, but at last stated that he had intended to assassinate Pius IX. on the day on which his Holiness should distribute religious banners to the different quarters of Rome. He is said to be implicated in the conspiracy recently discovered at Rome and Ancona.—*Galigna.*

By a late arrival from the west coast of Africa, we learn that there has been a succession of very heavy rains on the southwest coast, far heavier than have visited that district for very many years past. An immense traffic in slaves is still carried on on various parts of the coast; American vessels, chartered for a different purpose at their own shores, get rid of their cargoes on the passage, and then freight with slaves, and this with the most daring impunity, the right of search having been given up. The British and French cruisers, however, were most active and zealous in the endeavour to suppress the traffic, notwithstanding which, there have been of late an unprecedented number of cargoes cleared at the slave-markets.—*Times.*

Madame